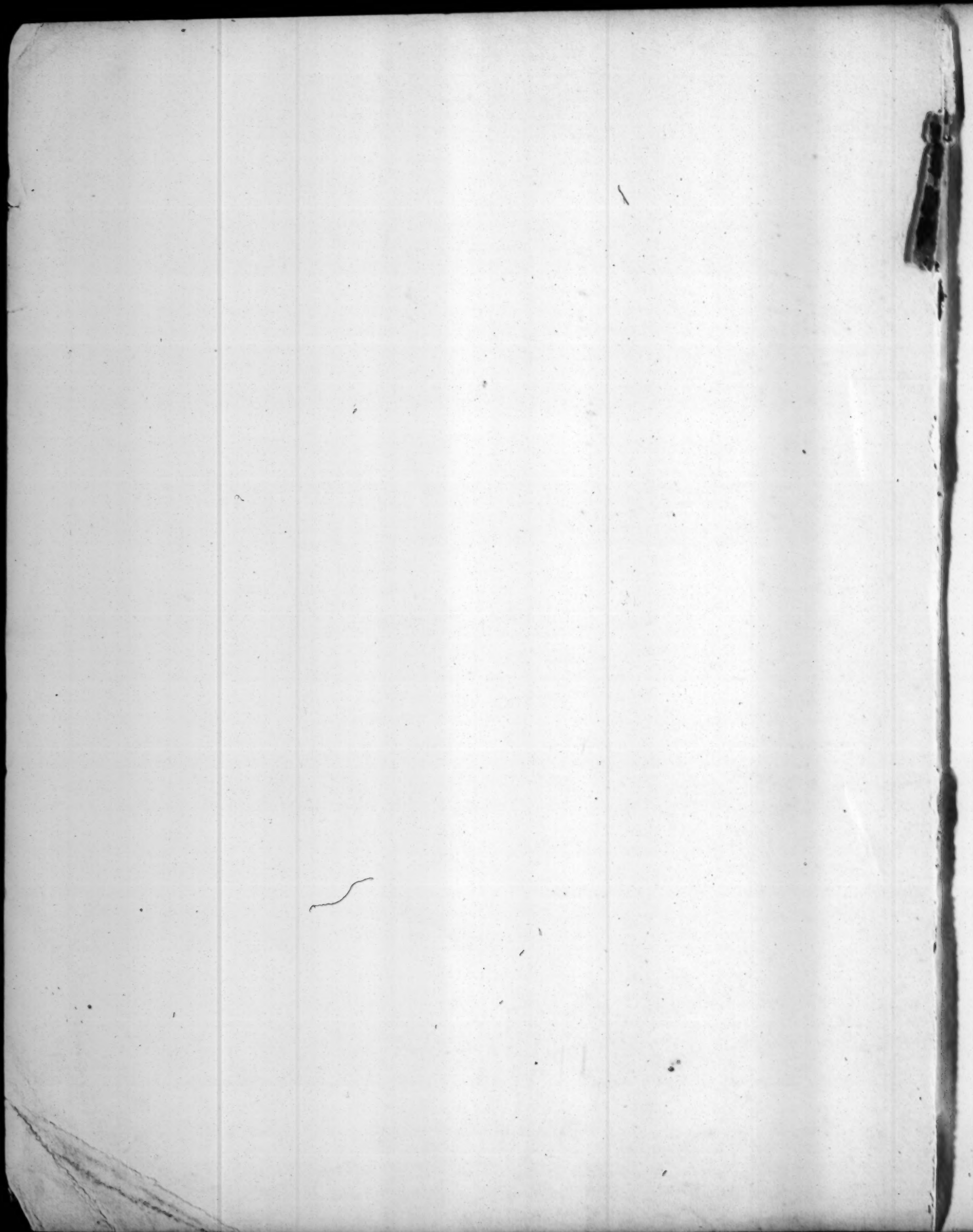






MSS.

No. 306

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

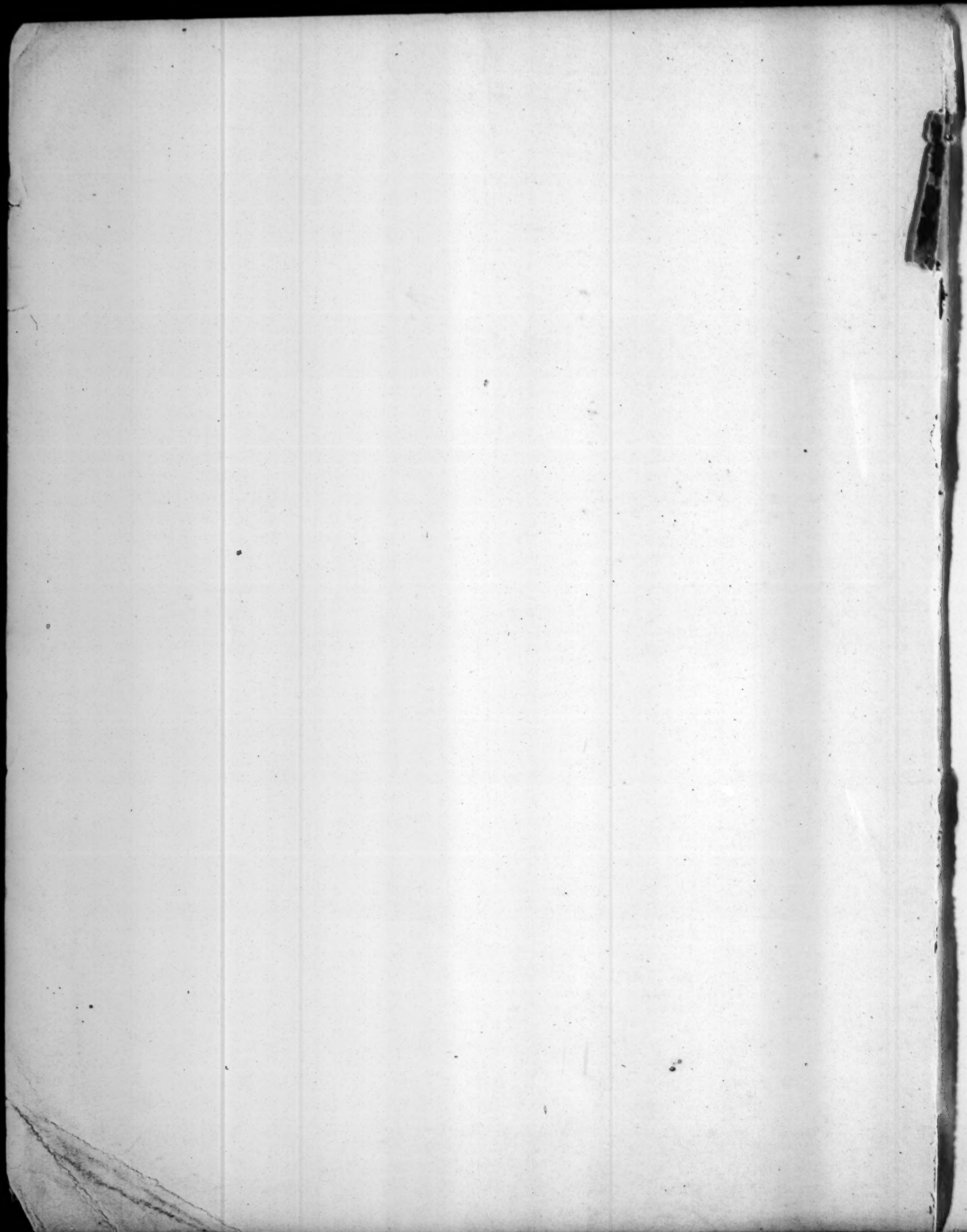
Flush. 1933.

Kindly lent by the Author.

665 0208

6680208

Woolf, Va.
[Flush] The life of
Flush
Later draft



The Chairman and Committee of the
Victoria Art Gallery & Municipal Libraries
request the pleasure of the company of

at the Opening Ceremony of the
Exhibition of Literary ^{NYPL} and Artistic
Treasures

relating to our City, to be performed by

Horace Annesley Vachell, Esq.

At the Pavilion, Bath

On Friday, September 21st, at 3 p.m.

The Chair will be taken by His Worship the Mayor

66B0208

Woolf, Va.

[Faint] The life of
Finn
Later draft

1955-0-13

26 July
1932

The Life of Flaubert.

This strange & scarcely creditable to the human race that while we never cease to record the lives of men & women nobody has yet written the life of a dog. The Dictionary of National Biography stretches from A to Z, but we may search in vain among the M's for Maida, among the N's for Nerd, among the K's for Keeper. If you want information upon the lives of these distinguished dogs you must turn to the names of Scott & Bronte & Carlyle. It would seem then that in the estimate of biographers the dog has no independent existence; he is merely an appendage attached to the body of his master — an additional organ for the expression of some supplementary emotion. Perhaps human pride has given no more glaring proof of its monstrous egotism. That Keeper the Antiquary (1832—1888) should have a whole column devoted to his life, & that Keeper the bull dog should have been handed over without the tribute of a single word years at Vent. right the cradest universal of all true values. I am not then certain as to occur. We ask ourselves that Keeper talked. Keeper wrote; Keeper had his views presumably upon skulls & inscriptions, & the relics of the past. Keeper did none of these things. Now, it may be asked, are we to write the lives of the dumb? Now are we to interpret the innumerable lives of those who ~~can not write~~, who have left no love letters or documents of any sort behind them?

That is an argument that might have matter in the nineteenth century with its thirst for facts, its a difficulty that the biographer of those dogs might

maintained an
ambitious
silence.

WYPI

Handwritten notes in the bottom right corner, possibly including the word "Lithography".

~~Disfranchised~~
 The great ~~best~~
 newspaper proprietor
 was, in private life,
 among the simplest
 of men. This day
 he liked nothing better
 than a game of ball
 with his dog
 Ponto. Ponto was
 inseparable without
 his master. He looked
 upon him as a good r-
 in
 Miss Smith

have found impossible. But we to whom the thick of a finger
theater volume, we to whom the term of a head means
more than ~~adventures~~ ~~terrors~~ ~~not more than~~ a
whole novel, — how can we seek shelter under such an
eyelid? Dogs have tails ~~that wag~~; dogs have
noses that ~~sniff~~; ~~what more can we want?~~
tails wag, noses sniff — what more can we want?
And if some of our conjectures are false, some of
our conclusions faulty, — of this more difficult to
tell the truth about, Flush the spaniel than about
Gladstone or Napoleon, the very risk has charm. It
is a risk that the dog himself would willingly have us
run. "I give you full liberty to interpret me" one can
fancy him saying " & to misinterpret me, & to
fashion on me opinions & emotions that were none of
mine, provided only that you interpret me, & not my
owners. Anything is better than to be treated as a
mere extension of a human being — an additional
tail hair or prong that God Almighty neglected to
attach to the human frame. ~~But perhaps~~ ~~his~~
of dogs so far have been ~~subordinate~~ ~~to~~ ~~their masters~~ —
 ~~& when you think how fallacious often tribute to~~
their own vanity, or illustrations of the
And he gives us to ~~reminiscent~~ ~~instances of~~ ~~that~~
~~gross misapprehension~~ ~~has for instance~~ ~~not~~
very creditable to human family where the dog has
been. I am so good natured — so humble — so
charitable — look at my dog. He runs to me
for comfort. I am his God. Or there is the
other line — equally pernicious. He tells down —
loved an officer in the Buffs. He tells down —
Crevasse or married a Chit, utterly unworky of him.
In his ~~face~~ ~~I have~~ ~~long~~ ~~my~~ ~~chow~~. ~~In his~~ ~~I~~ ~~the~~ ~~see~~ ~~is~~
worship all the qualities that seemed to adorn
the lost the faithful. ~~but~~ whereas the truth is
that near Porto, has the quality contempt for
Mr. Bowles, his master; a Kang, far from
sharing any of the qualities of the ideal officer,

NYPL

7

is a poet, as Comfere consults in his spare time, & ^{loathes the any}
has long been devoted to a life of the dreams at night of the
wonder of Siberian snow."

~~Noting~~ that we can escape the perils ~~not~~
indicated ~~by~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the end~~ that the day indicates, &
reach the end he desires ⁱⁿ, we have to admit,
unlikely, ~~in the extreme~~ perhaps beyond human skill.
But that the attempt should be made seems certain;
~~of the step~~ that the following life of flesh the Spaniel is
offered as a step in the right direction, & it is a
step that calls for wonder - a wonder, & it must.

For since such are the views of dogs themselves,
it must be admitted that the task of writing
biographies is difficult: & at the same time
necessary. They labour under a ~~great~~ difficulty:
he labours from the outset under grave disadvantages;
~~both in~~ but to & but to consider them two
curiously is not the way to overcome them;
the need where the need is great much will be
forgiving in ~~to~~ ^{to} him to the man or woman who
tries to ~~subdue~~ ^{meet} it: & this in this spirit
with these doubts, with these fears, & these aims, these aspirations
that the following pages are ~~devoted~~ devoted to
the life of flesh the Spaniel.

NYPL

II

Came originally
from Spain.
un-challenged

Which caught
rabbits

The Spaniel family is ~~now~~ admittedly one of the greatest
antiquity & ~~various~~. But now that is admitted,
~~all else is obvious~~. Some say that very little
there is allowed to have without ~~proof~~. ~~Some~~ ^{was} held by
Spaniel was called the Spanish dog because ^{some that}
the Carthaginian name for rabbit was span;
Spain was ^{formerly} overrun by rabbits; the Carthaginians
called it ~~the~~ in whose language span means
rabbit called it Hispania, ~~the land of~~ rabbits; land,
& the dog was called Spaniel, ~~because it was the~~
~~dog that caught rabbits~~. or rabbit dog. ~~In the~~
But what if the word Hispania has nothing to do
with the Carthaginian span, but derived from the
Basque "espana", signifying an edge or
boundary? ~~time nobody can dispute~~
Then we are driven to infer that the dog was a great
whisperer, a great runner, that it took its name
from the country, was, in short, the Spanish dog, —
surely nobody who had ever seen a spaniel could
connect it with edges & boundaries, unless, as
some hold, its lovable qualities prompted that kind
of exclamation which leads a lover to call his
lady monkey or monster. ~~chopped~~
for the theory that the Spaniards ~~called~~ the dog
by calling it by the name least fitting it as a
lover calls his monkey or monster
or two fanciful to be seriously maintained.
But there are ~~whether~~ the rabbit dog a Spanish
dog must remain in dispute. And further problems
present themselves as we pursue the ~~dog's~~ ^{dog's} ~~history~~
history of the dog in other lands. "The Spaniel
of the King is a breed in value" Howell Dda
laid it down in his Book of Laws. ^{Now}
Howell Dda, a Welshman, died about the

II

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did ~~about~~ in
the year 948

in the year
948

before there is
any talk?

Warkny

year 948. A.D. And at that time Spain was called
Iberia, not Hispania.

Theresa, not Hendriana.
What appears to be ~~the~~ whatever the origin of the name;
the day was not only known in Wales about the
middle of the tenth century, but was of high
value. Howell Oda the Welshman, who
laid it down in his book of Laws that "The
King is bound in value".

Spain & the King is a wound in nature.
When we remember what the wound could buy in
~~three days~~, how many wives, ~~how many slaves,~~
~~bag nothing of beef or turkeys.~~ ~~Just a few~~
~~even a wound could buy - it will be~~
~~the substance of the wound came to his name~~

granted that however ~~much~~ ^{far} a day ~~of~~ ⁱⁿ the
~~he was it was~~ ^{it was} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~reputation~~ ^{reputation}. ~~Indeed as the~~
~~day of the big merit~~ ^{the big merit} ~~reputation~~ ^{reputation}. ~~Indeed as the~~
~~years went on~~ ^{years went on} ~~he had her place by the King~~ ^{he had her place by the King}.
~~Established indeed before there was~~ ^{Established indeed before there was}
~~Stuart~~ ^{Stuart} ~~still obscure~~ ^{still obscure}

His family was situated in Tudon & Stuart. He was
any talk of ~~the~~ Tudor & Stuart monarchs. He was
Plantagenet. Tudor & Stuart were still out
before there were many famous monarchs. He was
Kings houses when the Plantagenets
following to them.

before those King's men were found
to be bounden. The servants were found to them
a Tudor; the servants did not belong to them
belonged in fields that did not belong to them
before the Howard, the Carendish & the
servants themselves as much as Jones

Russell had observed
the common rock of ^{these} of Yuma
& Tomkins the Spanish war distinguished
about. As the auriferous sand, minor
~~that by particular characteristics,~~
they depress

phant. The branches, distinguished by their
broke off from the main stem. By dis-
tance came into existence at least seven
families, known by several famous
the Sures, the Norfolk,

famous families, the Clumber, the Jersey, the
~~name~~ the Black field, the Locker, the Irish water, &
 the Smyth water -; all deriving from the
 but preserving characteristics is nothing that

original stock but was
of their own. In this there is nothing

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In the human
race

need early surprise. The same brown might be observed in
human society. We too in the human branch of the
family tend to breed our nobles, our merchants, our
Seamen; ~~but~~ we too attempt to develop in
qualities that are needed for the different pursuits of
mankind. But how feebly, & how capriciously,
with what lack of method, with what devastating
ignorance, with what complete & culpable blindness!
If any body should vent these criticisms, or should
~~try to~~ deny them, let him ~~consider~~ consider the
Spanish Club & ponder the nature of its laws.
~~Not only is the law who can founder the for those~~
~~to attempt to~~ There is not merely laid down
as in a human aristocracy, how many generations
such family can claim, — there is not merely a
~~record of the marriages of~~ how they with whom
they have intermarried; the judges go further.
They assume the truly august function of saying this
those who know what qualities are desirable;
who insist upon their Good; those bad. They
debate to Spanish what Spanish are to be; &
their decrees are obeyed. Their decrees are
obeyed. Thus they pronounce that a light
eyes are undesirable; curled ~~up~~ ears are
even worse; but to be born with a
light nose, or with a top knot are crimes
which can only be called fatal: a Spanish
who persists in perpetuating such faults is
cut off from the privileges & emoluments of his
class. No less ~~coarsely~~ no less clearly, are
laid down the virtues, & merits of the race
are no less clearly & coarsely laid down.
The head must be perfectly smooth, rising
without a too decided slope from the nape.
The skull must be comparatively rounded, &
well developed, with plenty of room for
brain power. The eyes must be full but not

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but not prominent; the general impression is the one
of intelligence & gentleness — not the dictatorial
manner, from limb to limb, from quality to quality.

~~But let us turn now to human society.~~

If we turn now to human society what chaos, what
confusion meets our eyes! ~~There is no order~~
No Man Club has any role among us. ~~But~~
Or if we maintain that ~~we are a social order~~
the Herald's office ~~fulfills~~ ^{performs} the same function, we
~~have~~ we must admit that it is ignorant, childish,
feeble, inconsiderate in the extreme compared
with the other. What judgment can be had of
mankind we ask? And they reply ~~that~~ ^{that}
noble birth. What is noble birth we ask? They
display arms & feathers. But should the eye be
light or dark? Should the ear be straight or
curled? Should we have top knots or none?
Should they dance before our eyes, hamlets should &
long beds into a name.

And ~~as~~ ^{for} Spanish who persist in perfoliating top knots
are debarred ^{from all} ~~the~~ privileges & emoluments,
& as the others are rewarded, the Spanish race
preserves the integrity & distinction of each
branch of its family intact. D

If we now turn to human society, chaos &
confusion meet our eyes. No club has any
authority upon the breed of man. The Herald's
office is the nearest we come to a system.
We have to the Spanish Club. It attempts
at least to preserve the purity of human
family. But when we ask what contribution
noble birth — should our eyes be light or
dark, our ears be curled or straight, ~~should we~~
they have no answer: they merely ~~have~~ ^{have} top knots
dance before our eyes fantastic coronets &

2 on the
round heads &
just eyes are
rewarded

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supported by
fairies
mermaids
leopards.
lilies

if you can
prove an authentic
right to these you
are nobly born,
they say. How
fallacious this
argument is,
the fate of the
Bourbons, the Habsburgs
& the Hohenzollerns
now declare -
the nobility of all
our families,
dukes, &c.,
judged by the vote
of mankind
incapable of
authority &
unworthy of
respect now
proves.

quarterings, ~~is that~~ ^{that} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~surely~~ ^{surely} we are still
too primitive to know what ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~alike~~ ^{alike} are
desirable in man, & then cannot even attempt to
breed for them. ~~That~~ ^{such} ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~attempt~~ ^{attempt} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~have~~ ^{have} ~~made~~ ^{made}
according to the rules of the Herald, are
unmeaningful; can be as the fate of the Bourbons,
the Habsburgs & the Hohenzollerns ^{proves} abundantly
proved. & does, indeed, ^{by} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~vote~~ ^{vote} of
mankind incapable of rule or authority & unworthy &
is alone enough to prove how little we know ^{respect}
what qualities are good, ~~the~~ ^{Another instance of the}
same discrepancy between
And, to turn to a number upon the same lesson is
enforced by the story of Fleish & the Mitfords
when we come to consider the early case of
Fleish & the Mitfords.

About the end of the eighteenth century a
family of the famous Spanish breed was
living near Reading in the house of a certain
Wm Mitford or Mitford. This gentleman,
in deference to the canons of the Herald's office,
liked to spell his name with a t, & to
claim descent from the Northumberland family
of the Mitfords of Bertram Castle. His wife
was a Miss Russell, & sprang, if
remotely still decidedly from the ducal house
of Bedford. But the nature of Wm.
Mitford's ancestor had been carried on with
much disregard for principles that no bench of
Judges could have admitted his claim to be
well bred, or have allowed him to perpetrate
his kind. In other words, he was utterly

...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...

...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...

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...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...

...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...

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5

7

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It has proved impossible to fix with complete accuracy the day, the year of Flush's birth, let alone the month or the day; but it seems certain that he was born either in 1842 or 1843. [The fact had the rather reprehensible habit of calling several generations of Spaniels by the same name.] But there is reason to think that Flush was the son of that "real old cocking spaniel" for whom Dr. Meadford refused twenty guineas. "an account of his excellence in the field"; He is

It is also probable

that he was descended from Tray (c. 1816) a ~~looker of breeding~~ character, whose points though unfortunately preserved only in the unfortunately medium of poetry, prove him to have been a red cocker spaniel, with ² was the with the characteristic points of his race - son of his to poetry that we have to trust for our most detailed description of Flush himself. ~~but unfortunately as it is, translated through it, we must make what we can of it.~~ it were our purpose. Flush was a that particular shade of dark brown which in sunshine glazes "ashen into gold". His eyes were "starbled eyes of hazel bland". His ears were "fanelled"; his slender feet were "canopied in fringes"; & his tail was broad. Making allowance for the exigencies of rhyme & the inaccuracy of poetic diction, it is plain that Flush with points, was a purebred cocker of the red variety; ^{that would have won him the prizes of the judges.} the first months of his life were passed at Three Mile Cross a ^{working man} cottage near Reading. Even the accommodation for human beings was scanty - the meals were ~~home~~ served by there was one ^{second, larger} ~~man~~ ^{man} there a huprock, - the covers Cham covers were made by Miss. But few hardly - there was little furniture but a large table, & ~~in a~~ ^{in a} ~~greenhouse~~ -

✓

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2

1

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[Faint handwriting on the right side, possibly a date or reference.]

[Faint handwriting on the right side, possibly a name or title.]

[Faint, illegible handwriting in the lower left section of the page.]

[Faint handwriting on the right side, possibly a list or notes.]

who stood,
a field
was heard

Before he was
well out - his
happiness

heard it; no human command could be heard or obeyed;
he fled, he rushed; he tumbled - No intoxication
could be more powerful: it was only when the malar-balm
the melody, the haunting horn, the rough spurring cry.
The memory of dark men, crackling voices, ^{the English}
died; faded that he returned across the fields, to
old Mrs. Mitford. ~~Flunked~~, hoarse, ^{and} thrashing Flunk, Flunk
Flunk, ~~with her hoarse~~. ~~Flunked~~, a slightly indignant in
with her umbrella. And once at least the
call was even more imperious: the horn stirred any
deeper instincts: wilder, more urgent emotion,
transcending memory, obliterating ^{with its flight} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~the~~
the juck of her fox & hare. ~~attached to him~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the}
Some day, let a great ghri own breed, certainly,
the obscure rex, brandished in his eyes the flaming
torch of Venus. ~~Before he was well out of his~~
~~happyland~~. Flunk was a father.
... the life of a man such as the

Frank was a father.
 No one can in writing the life of a man such
 as Dr. Paine would call for some system, especially in the
 year 1843: in a woman, no system could possibly be
 admitted. But the morality code of days is
 different - whether superior or inferior, is not for us
 to decide; ~~there~~ ^{very} was nothing in Frank's conduct
 that troubled him ~~for~~ to assist him for the society
 of the parent, the parent, the Charities in the land.
 The elder brother of Dr. Paine wished to buy him.
 That alone is proof that, even as a puppy,
 Frank was remarkably attractive, charming.
 In the fact, that given the character of Dr. Paine
 & deducing from it the probable character of Dr.
 Paine's elder brother, that Frank had done
 we can see that even as a puppy, & as a
 puppy who was already a father, there was
 something medicinal, & solid, & inheritable
 about Frank, in spite of his glancing coat &
 wild animal spirit. A much more
 significant testimony to his worth is that

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John Henry
a field
was born
before he was
well out of
his infancy

as saying he
was a
hungry
father
his father was
his death bed -

Men Mottford refused to take him. As she was in the
depths of poverty at the time, ~~so her tragedy had~~
as she was at her wits end to know what tragedy
to them or what annual to edit, as she was
reduced to asking her friends to help her - or
rather her ~~as, moreover~~, it must have been hard
with her to upon the sum ~~offered to the elder~~
brother of Mr. Percy. ~~might have said for Flinch.~~
~~Since her father had been worth twenty pounds had~~
been offered for her father; Men Mottford might
with have asked ten or fifteen for Flinch. With
ten or fifteen pounds she might have restocked her
canservatory; she might have recovered her chain.
She might have bought herself a new bonnet &
"I have not bought a bonnet, a cloak, a gown,
hardly a pair of gloves for four years" she wrote
the card in 1842. Ten or fifteen pounds was a
precious sum, an immense sum, to have dropped into her
hands by the sale of a spaniel. ~~That Mr.~~
Mottford refused to take Flinch. ~~Even to Mr. Percy.~~
He was too individual, too precious, too rare &
character to be sold. ~~No, there was only one~~
during that was sitting in Flinch; that was to be
given to be given to some one who ~~would~~ needed her;
after who would appreciate him - whom Men
Mottford loved; because Men Mottford had nothing
else to give her; to some one as rare
unavailable as I in her way as Flinch was in
his. As soon as do Dr Mottford was
dead & buried, Men Mottford took the train to
Paddington; Flinch went with her. They proceeded,
whether in fact, by omnibus is not established to
Wimbold Street; a gang stopped on the
doorstep of number fifty.

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NYPL

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more & more frequently to Mrs. Nutford as she watched
Fluke rolling & tumbling in the sunshine; as she sat by
the couch of Miss Barrett in the very shaded room
(she would sit there sometimes from two in the
afternoon till seven in the evening.) And
At length, some time in the year 1844 presumably, walking
a remarkable couple might have been seen proceeding
down Wimpole Street - a very fat, rosy, elderly
thickly elderly lady, leading by a chain a
very vivacious, ~~very~~ red-golden, coarser than
when they came to number fifty they stopped &
not without Repudiation, Mrs. Nutford rang the
bell.

NYPL

III

Looking on its
foundations

admire this
purple brick;

Can I long of the
fame, with which
the British people
note the coming
of the new
with which
the work;
accept
them;

Painted; not
a curtain
washed; not

~~Nobody Perhaps nobody ever rings the bell of a house
 in Wimpole Street without Repudiation. This the
 most august of London Streets & the most impersonal; ⁱⁿ ~~in~~
 when the world seems tumbling & civilization in
 looking to its ruin, one has only to walk down the right
 Wimpole Street to feel soothed & assured. seek not go to
 Wimpole Street; walk slowly from end to end; &
 pass that avenue; survey those houses; count their stories;
 observe their solidity; remark the unflinching marble
 there with which they meet storm, sun, fog & frost;
 reflect upon the ~~method~~ ^{fact} that displayed by their
 the uniformity of the Knicker; ~~the~~ ^{the} breathe deeply
 of the harmony, the fact. ~~the~~ ^{the} belief in
 itself; watch the tradespeople calling; note the look in
 the kitchen; reckon the incomes of the inhabitants;
 infer their temper, their religion; their ~~new~~ ^{new} how
 they manner, & beauty; drink deep of their peace, of their
 authority; & then breathe a sigh, as long as
 Wimpole Street stands, civilization stands with it.
 of thankfulness for Wimpole Street, of gratitude
 Wimpole Street; for as long as Wimpole Street stands
 England is safe; & there is no sign of the
 that Wimpole Street will not stand for ever
 that has prevented duly where while London has
 fallen, Myra the tumbled, while Crows have
 blown on the wind, & old Empires give up in
 Name. which has taken ~~its~~ ^{its} & pray that
 not a brick in Wimpole Street may ever know
 change; or a Knicker be left undressed. So long as
 Wimpole Street stands, our civilization is secure.
 The butlers of Wimpole Street are not~~

III

NYPL

when the
singing of the
front door
bell

with it

As Fluk
rolled up her
lashed Mrs
with
Cagut
up to

fairy looted even today; in 1844 they were even more
deliberate. The laws of living, ^{which} requiring the substitution
that the green bag, alpaca of the pantry shall be
upland by the draped waist coat & tails, of the
hall, were ~~more~~ ^{elaborate} more stringent. at last, however,
the door of number fifty was flung wide: &
Mr Nutford & Fluk entered in. Mr Nutford
was a frequent visitor & there was nothing to
nothing ~~surprising in the~~ to surprise him in the
regard of the Barrett family mansion. But the
effect upon Fluk must have been overwhelming.
Until this moment he had been in no house
but the working man's cottage at Three Mile Cross.
~~It was not~~ bare boards, frayed mats, rickety
chair, & a large working table in a greenhouse.
But ~~at~~ ^{the} Number fifty Wimpole Street was
the home of a rich merchant, with a large
family of seven up four & daughters, & a
retinue of servants. ~~The house~~ It was
furnished splendidly, in the fashion of the late
thirties, with a certain reference no doubt
to Eastern fantasy such as Mr Barrett had
indulged more fully, in his country home which
was "crowded with minarets & domes" & crowning it
crowding it with "minarets & domes" & crowning it
with a crescent. Wimpole Street of course was
more restrained. ~~But we can fancy~~ The room as
doubt were high & dark; they were crammed with
mahogany book cases; with carved ottomans; the
walls were hung with draped mirrors, &
shelving; the floors were laid with
thick Turkey carpets; the tables, carved
twisted, were up to the ceiling with
vases & sumptuously bound volumes &
curious brought by Mr Barrett from
his East Indian property. And that But the

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NYPL

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up the
jurnal the
stair case

But as Flunk trotted up stairs behind Miss Mufford who
followed was behind the butler, who mounted with
due circumspection, tho he was more astonished by the
smell that came from the room than by what
glances he could catch as they slowly climbed
up of chairs & tables within
by what he smelt than by what he saw. The smell
of the house alone, or rather the astonishing amalgamation
of different smells must have been enough to make him
pale & stiff & hold his head up with amazement as he
went upstairs. From the kitchen came in the basement
beneath came warm whiffs of roasting joints
roasting & fowls basting & rich soups slowly
simmering in large saucepans - pouring to the
nostrils & used to the penurious hanker & the fogs of
Kerenshaphocks penurious cooking. But the
mixture with the smell of meat was the smell of
furniture; of cedar wood, sandal wood
mahogany; of holik; hints of male bodies &
female bodies; of men servants, maid servants;
of coats & trousers; of crinolines, mantles;
of basting curtains, black drapery; of coal
dust & fog; of wine & cigars; - each room, as
he passed it, wafted out its own cast
dining room, drawing room, study, library, housemaid
pantry, wafted out its own contribution to the
general aroma as he passed slowly upstairs
behind Miss Mufford & the butler. At length
they reached a door at the back of the house.
Planting his feet with wonder & tactical
extensy upon thick pile carpet whose soft
firm texture closed under his feet rapidly
upon floors used to earth & bare boards.
Scrub of walking. At length they reached
door at the back of the house. The soft

boots white gloves - like Fluk was to know them for the
 boots of ; the chest of drawers was surmounted,
 by a work case 'of haphazard deal & Crimmon merrins';
 the washing table had been turned into a cabinet
 with another coronal of shelves; & on top of this
~~which were two more~~ parts, of charcoal & stoner; ^{top set} and a
 while the ringed table was threaded with an
 extraordinary variety of objects yet to be identified.
 Almost everything in the room was carpentered or
 covered into being something different from what it
 was supposed to be. Even the window net blind
 that covered the window was embroidered
 with a complicated design, representing among
 other things, a castle & a gateway, several
 herons, two walks & groves of trees.
 From ~~angles of all objects were reflected in mirror~~
 which, in the most ~~deliberate way~~, suddenly
 revealed to Fluk Fluk himself.
 Mirror further reduplicated these objects; further
 was magnified the unaccustomed eye - was that
 a chair or the reflection of a chair? Sometimes there
 seemed to be ten parts instead of five. How
 perplexing even too, ~~suddenly to see oneself as one~~
 stood & ~~proceeded in this manner~~ ^{perplexed} of
 strange objects to come upon one's own face, one's own
 terrified staring dilated eyes. Fluk, as
 he pursued these enquiries, scarcely heard, rare as
 far off drone, like wind among trees, the
 the murmur & patter of human voices. at
 last however the room was full of some
 upheavals & commotions; from which he hid
 - his nerves were intolerably exacerbated by
 his appearance - behind one of the innumerable
 screens. Then there was a door shut. Then
 there was silence. But in that instant
 Fluk knew that he was deserted. His head
 faded & vacillated the unmitigable round of

Fluk's head,
 dilated
 terrified
 the
 image of
 only.

Not a word
 was said to
 Fluk but

NYPL

As the steps
went further
down the stairs
he felt a cold
out of sight

The war
from below
the storm behind
him

He knew
that he might
still find
Mr. Nutford -
round the
head

his mother's departing footsteps. He rushed to the door.
He scratched. He whimpered. & then Nutford was young -
further & further - she was leaving him - deserting him.
There! That unmistakably was the bang of the
front door. He was alone. He took a wave of
fervor, a quick, deep air then rose in him - that he was
almost distracted. The door had shut, he was alone when
there was a life, when there was speech, there was greenham.
Jules, gran, freedom - his loved his laughter at
his pitifully prolix. his lonely he lost his
indulgent his venerated mother! all that was
young there! that was the front bang of the front door.
He was alone. A howl rose from his throat
at that moment to voice said Flank. Flank it
tattered. Flank, he had thought himself alone;
He turned; he perceived a sofa; & at that sofa
there was something moving; something beckoning.
In the wild unknown hope that this being -
whatever it was - might help him he ran forward
it. Flank! saw Mrs. Barrett. And the first time he
He looked up into her face. She looked down into
his. Something passed between them. Flank,
there was a cast and likeness between them. Flank,
hung on either side the face; eyes on her. Her eyes
were large & bright. So were his. There was a
certain likeness between them - the likeness
But there was also - a consideration
what is before when based on likeness is
infinitely more attractive, more powerful, more
persuasive - a profound dissimilarity
Mrs. Barrett's face was pale, she was pale;
the other however; warm with thought & rose;
the face of an invalid. Secluded from light & air
freedom, motion: the other was ruddy, rosy,
bold, unshaken, warm with health;
and to race to jump to swim to fight.
One was the face of a maiden lady;
No two faces could be more unlike: & yet

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NYPL

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My own two
halves the same.
mould-

I might have
made one
boy - had

that was the puzzling thing - how like they were - how
curiously the one seemed the counterpart of the other, as if
in flesh. Mrs Barrett found her what she might have
been, & Mrs Barrett felt & wondered what he
might have been: had they been white; had they not
something been strong & slender in the mysterious
processes of nature; had not my intervention; -
then the further the ~~unfathomable~~ the
apparently ~~whisper~~ further stranger more impenetrable
than the barrier of the that of kind. The war
woman, he was ~~young~~. But they looked at each
other, each felt, flesh, joining ~~as with~~ one bound
leapt up to the solar & porous humors of the place
that he never ~~appearing~~ dwelt - a place on the
solar at Mrs Barrett's feet.

~~the~~ ~~stayed~~ ~~arrangement~~. Heavy curls hang down on
either side of her small face; large bright eyes. Those
out at him; a large mouth smiled. Heavy
ears hung down on either side of her face; his eyes
too were large & bright; his mouth was wide.
There was a likeness between them.
But while both felt the likeness, & all the curious
intimacy which likeness begets, that ~~through them~~
to that in human brings a sympathy reaching to
the roots of the being. To the roots: spreading
the ~~few~~ filaments through the nature would have
been established, ~~it was~~ this was most curiously
transposed ~~deepened~~ ~~interested~~ in their care. ~~by the fact that they~~
so different. They were so like; & yet they were
so different. The war ~~hate~~ pleasure; hers
was in the face of an inverted excluded
from light, air, from freedom, motion. His
was sunny, golden. He was warm with
health; intense in every atom with life. ~~his~~
It was as if one originally singular each
had ~~been~~ ~~completed~~ ~~an~~ had split apart & completed,

Complicated

NYPL

But -
Between them lay
the other
Barrett

ringly, a ~~at~~ what lay dormant in the other. And
further, the ~~spoke~~; he was human; the spoke, ~~was~~
wrote. Commencement in every noble way with her
kind; while he was dumb, an animal, a dog.
They united them closely united, then immensely
divided the relation between them was of the
most complex. Flush gazed at Miss Barrett;
Miss Barrett gazed at Flush: then with one
bound he sprang on to the sofa ~~to~~ ^{and} leaped himself
in the place which was hereafter to be his. He
laid on the sofa at Miss Barrett's feet.

Thames & Dartmouth.
But the likeness, this unlikeness, ~~glennend~~ ^{glennend} & ~~transferred~~
then signally across the ~~dark~~ ^{light} ocean of
which can divide life from life: He was ~~was~~
human being; he a dog. The spoke. He was
dumb.

IV

~~Now~~ Nothing could be more different from the life that
 a new chapter now opened in the life of Fleck; &
 one that differed completely from all that had gone
 before. Mrs Barrett spent her time almost entirely
 upon her sofa in the back room. bed - for the
 sofa was only a bed disguised as a sofa - in the
 back room. For a descent to the floor below
 was an undertaking; a drive was a rare
 adventure; a walk was fraught with such
 danger, required such ~~hazardous~~ ^{cautious} conditions of
 sun & calm & as to be almost out of the
 question. And as Fleck depended entirely upon
 Mrs Barrett, he too ~~knows~~ ^{spent} almost
 his whole life in the bedroom, with a very
 occasional drive, & a still more that
 sometimes when it was fine, but not windy, warm but
 not too warm, dry but not dusty, he sat in
 the carriage with Mrs Barrett & one or two
 sisters & visited some of the splendid shops in
 the neighbourhood of Wimpole Street. He
 followed them in: saw for the first time
 the splendours of civilization - silk, lace, bonnets,
 coats, slacks. He watched the mysterious
 process by which a golden coin is transformed
 into three or a half yard (approximately) of the
 best black bombazine. He could not
 fail to notice - day, as Mrs Mullins had observed
 are keenly aware of social distinctions - the
 difference with which the shopwalkers attended
 the ladies to the door; & how the footman
 took the parcel & opened the door. & sometimes
 he walked beside Mrs Barrett's arm chair up
 Wimpole Street into Regent's Park. He

moved
 one of the
 windows: the
 large pane
 he heard the
 room of trade.
 he entered the
 street
 modern
 arcade
 where
 an lawn

And then after the
 triumph
 began they can
 have again

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[Faint, illegible handwriting in the right margin, possibly a list or notes.]

the bellman of
the rancor of
not dried
back

he forgot -
the old house
founder in
blow -
he kept he
had to
man.

maned to
rush
hungry hunger,
standing to
kill!
fall in
narrow
blow;

into. to add to
his body of
crescent
belief - his
wholeness - his
conception of life -

at first, as the great of hitherto; however, went by, &
which whirled past his nose, he was glad of the chain
that attached him to the chair. But when they
reached the Park he was ~~completely bewildered~~. Heat was
given; here were trees & flowers; the old smells
came back to him, though oddly, that with other flowers.
He began to feel the sea as he smelt, he perceived. After
was formed - but no: there was a tug on his collar.
He was thrown back on his haunches. He the
must pass walk at first pace. But no:
a heavy weight pushed jerked at his throat;
he was thrown back upon his haunches. After
this had happened perhaps a dozen times he began to
perceive some connection between the oddly
aggregation of the flowers - geraniums & tulips
- in our settled proper, at a foot pace under the
best chairs. The bed of Scarlet flowers, in and
with a cushion that then was unparalleled at
these beds cross ~~was connected with those~~
portulaca leaves in shiny hats, - whom Anne Chalm,
Barrett called ~~part of the~~. Ideas of localization,
of the connection between cypripedium, geranium. Come to this
of Park kept formed a whole in his brain - an idea.
It sank deep. Soon he could no more
have passed ~~so easily beside the best chairs~~
he too. A man then the thought presented itself to him -
was signified to which he paid not so much perhaps
the tribute of a word, but the tribute of an
unhumble decorum; much unlike his wonted
sart. The idea of social differences
began to ~~may~~ this was Regent's Park. In Regent's
Park deep ~~may~~ to be kept in the chain.
Following on this idea, adorning him as one grain of
dust to another came upon the ~~correspond~~ naturally
related idea of social distinctions. At
These Mile Cross where everyone was perfectly
free to walk or run as they chose, Flank had

NYPL

Remembered mixed with any impartially with
village cur - a highland greyhound. He had been shipped to
Cousins with taproom dogs, & funkies dogs - his
wife, this probable, was a village dog without a
tail of any kind & a head of another. But the
dogs of Wrentham that ^{who} ~~was~~ ^{was} facing in chains beside
water chain, ^{who} ~~was~~ ^{was} sitting on the seats of barouche Landau,
who were exercised by footmen were all dogs of the
highest breeding. They ~~obeyed~~ ^{obeyed} the laws of the
Kennel Club. Many were champions. Most
were related related. Most had grandfathers,
Aunts. Coarsers in common. Before long
they had made flush aware that he was of their
community. ~~And very soon~~ ^{And very soon} flush was able to
Mr Barrett found him gazing at his reflection in
the mirror. He was observing with satisfaction
his smooth head his large eyes - & other points
that proved him to be the peer of the best bred
cockers in Wrentham.

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III

The change from Three Mile Cross to Wimpole Street taking coming took place at ~~that~~ ^{the} critical moment of ~~early~~ ^{early} maturity adolescence meant to Fluke that the universality is to youth of the human species. He was thrown into completely new surroundings; every day provided a new experience; ~~by which~~ ^{his} character was developed; his intellect expanded under the influx of new impressions. Few dogs can have a more singular education than Fluke. He was entirely in the charge of Miss Barrett. Miss Barrett spent her time almost entirely in bed. ~~But~~ ^{that} the bedroom was not an ordinary bedroom, nor was Miss Barrett an ordinary invalid. ~~That was clear to Fluke~~ ^{that} ~~he could~~ ^{he} ~~count on~~ ^{count on} ~~her presence.~~ ^{her presence.} ~~But long before he could~~ ^{But long before} ~~Fluke~~ ^{Fluke} ~~had any~~ ^{had any} ~~was not~~ ^{was not} ~~there alone~~ ^{there alone} ~~But~~ ^{But} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~influence~~ ^{influence} ~~though it was~~ ^{though it was} ~~the most profound & permeating~~ ^{the most profound & permeating} ~~was not the only~~ ^{was not the only} ~~influence to which Fluke~~ ^{influence to which Fluke} ~~as was now exposed.~~ ^{as was now exposed.} ~~In the summer of~~ ^{In the summer of} ~~1843~~ ¹⁸⁴³ ~~had to~~ ^{had to} ~~those of~~ ^{those of} ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~of these~~ ^{of these} ~~care &~~ ^{care &} ~~several~~ ^{several} ~~days~~ ^{days} ~~had its allowance~~ ^{had its allowance} ~~of those rare & cherished days~~ ^{of those rare & cherished days} ~~when the weather was~~ ^{when the weather was} ~~was fine but not windy, warm but not falling,~~ ^{was fine but not windy, warm but not falling,} ~~dry but not dusty, & Miss Barrett could~~ ^{dry but not dusty, & Miss Barrett could} ~~readily venture the~~ ^{readily venture the} ~~lack the huge adventure of~~ ^{lack the huge adventure of} ~~spring shopping with her~~ ^{spring shopping with her} ~~in the carriage.~~ ^{in the carriage.} ~~The carriage was~~ ^{The carriage was} ~~advised.~~ ^{advised.} ~~Her~~ ^{Her} ~~Veiled & muffled~~ ^{Veiled & muffled} ~~Miss Barrett descended the stairs.~~ ^{Miss Barrett descended the stairs.} ~~Fluke went~~ ^{Fluke went} ~~with her.~~ ^{with her.} ~~The whole pomp of London at its~~ ^{The whole pomp of London at its} ~~most splendid~~ ^{most splendid} ~~beamed on his~~ ^{beamed on his} ~~astounded eyes.~~ ^{astounded eyes.} ~~My~~ ^{My} ~~drive along Oxford Street.~~ ^{drive along Oxford Street.}

get
into the
influence of
Miss Barrett
& her bedroom
the whole of
years. The
whole of
civilization
beamed upon
him.
was at first
the most
dazzling.

- passed his
flute's with
his pan.
the whole heeling
up a London Street
on a hot
summer day
discharged
brilliantly at his
nostrils:

The fine weather continued, Mr Barrett ventured
upon an even more daring exploit - he had heavily
drawn up Wimpole Street in a bath chair to
Regent's Park. Again Flank went with him.
For the first time he heard his nails click upon
the hard paving stones of London. He for the first time
smelt the morning he smells that lie in gutter;
the better smells that into which the iron of rails
has entered; the pungent smells that rise from areas -
smells more corrupt, complex, & violently compounded
than any that he had smelt in the Park where
meadows - smells wholly beyond the range of the human
nose or the limits of human vocabulary. Only the
air of a great musician employing all the instruments
in an orchestra. But also, as he looked by him
Barrett's chair he was dazed by the number of
lost crowd that of people passing by: he thought
jumbled past, poured behind him side:
Some were always chained even in the street,
& took their airing in carriages; or in charge of
footmen. Others stunk along alone, ~~for~~ unkempt,
kick picking up bones in the gutter. It ~~raised~~
upon Flank that then that the difference was
formed upon both were occurred to Flank;
I was rapidly confirmed by the dogs of
Wimpole Street, with whom he came to have a
passing acquaintance. Were they not all
chained dogs, carriage dogs, footmen dogs?
And was that not because they observed the
laws of the Kennel Club? Flank was found
that he was living in the midst of a highly
aristocratic society, with privileges
penalizing yet own. They had pedigree. They
were for the most part closely related.

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NYPL

But the dogs of London, Flush soon discovered, are divided
into classes. Some are chained dogs, some are wild
dogs. Some take their airing in carriages or in the
charge of footmen; others stink along unkenned &
uncollared, picking up bones in the gutter. That
these differences of habit correspond with some
more important difference in the dog himself Flush
began to suspect, & his suspicions were confirmed
by snatches of conversation held in passing with the
dogs of Wimpole Street. ~~He chained dogs, carriage~~
~~dogs, who wear chains & ride in carriages.~~
Take our meals punctually off our own plates in
the dining room are dogs of pedigree, they
assured him. ~~We have observed the laws of the~~
~~Kennel Club. We~~ better than the other dogs, they
assured him. ~~Our heads, tails, & coats~~ we
laws of the Kennel Club. approves eye. We
observe its laws. Our heads, our tails, our coats
are what heads, tails, coats should be. The
others are more outcasts, mongrels.
~~standing before the looking glass.~~ Flush observed with
satisfaction his smooth head, his prominent but
not protruding eyes, the tail that ~~had been~~
cut to the precise length that a tail should be.
Yes, he was the equal of the best but locker in
Wimpole Street, in the world. His chain, the
purple jar from which he drank, were
tokens of the ~~privileges~~ penalties & the privileges
attached to his birth. When Mrs. Barrett observed
him standing at himself in the looking glass.
~~As~~ he was not pondering the difference
between reflection & reality; he was
considering his points.

The autumn
winds began
to blow.

Flesh's

an under
these
circumstances
were
in contrast

to the strength
with a merit

was the
most
drastic
that could
have been
invented.

But the fine ^{summer} days were soon over in which it was
honorable for Mrs Barrett to take the air, were won
over, & she settled down to a life of complete seclusion in
her bedroom. Flesh only took the air briefly under
a pretext of going in charge of Wilson the maid. This
time she was now lived in one room at the back of
the house; she followed suit. This education
was now carried on in secret, in secret. She was
exposed to all that it was singular, that it was
revere (though it tended to develop herham - perhaps
perhaps of the influence of others her to be admitted;
is probably, that he would but that Flesh himself
always held. Flesh's life followed next. He was
was exposed to all the influence of a completely
sedentary education - as that they are strong &
strong, that they tend to develop herham - perhaps
perhaps at the expense of others he would have been
the first to admit. At first the more physical
confinement was trying, in the extreme.
Flesh's life, Flesh's education, also changed.
Few people with deny that the influences to
which he was now exposed. Telling out door
education was now to be supplemented by that
influence of the bedroom; & there,
of the bedroom & it must be admitted that
to a day of Flesh's temperament, ~~but~~
habits. This was drastic enough. This only
arriving, & there were brief perambulations, were
taken in the company of Wilson the maid.
For the rest of the day he kept his station
on the rug sofa at Mrs Barrett's feet. At
last the confinement was extremely irksome.
When the autumn all his instincts were
contradicted. When the autumn winds
began to blow he had had to tear across the

the center
of the
the blood.

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[Faint, illegible handwriting in the bottom right corner, possibly a signature or date.]

When the October rain lashed the window, Wilson lit the fire & heaped up the coals. Autumn deepened into winter & the first fogs jaundiced the air. Wilson & Flush could only slope their way to the pillar box or to the Chemist. Nothing could be seen in the room when they came back but the pale vaults glimmering wanly on the tops of wardrobes; the peasants & the cattle had vanished on the blinds; black yellow filled the pane. When the days were at their thickest Flush felt that he & Mrs Barrett lived alone in a cubed, perlit care. The traffic droned on pathetically outside, with the muffled sound of reverberation; now & again a voice went calling hoarsely "No chairs & baskets to mend" down the street; sometimes there was a jangle of organ music, coming nearer & louder; going further & fading away. But none of these sounds meant freedom, or action, or exercise: wind, rain, frost, ~~all~~ meant the all alike nothing ~~was~~ to Flush but recession & stillness. The lighting of lamps, the poking of the fire.

mean

At first the steam was too great. He could not help dancing round the room on a windy autumn day & he yearning to be allowed to race ~~through the stable~~ ^{the} partridge hunt in scattering over the stubble. He could not help racing & stretching his hackles & trembling & scratching when a dog barked outside. And yet if his whim disturbed Mrs Barrett, the scampers pained her - for she was alone, she could not get up to let him out - he was the only company she had - he would control himself. He wanted the hand to lie still at his feet. He wanted to hear Cabell's. The Cuban bloodhound, bark

NYPL

that
Flunk knew.

the
smell
of the
water dog.

he looked about
him: but found
nothing. No
thing was nothing
but he knew the
woman was
looking,
looking with
sensation.

Home
162

below, & Folly the King Charles Spaniel yelped about, without
relying. To resign, to control, to be a piece up the
most vehement instincts of his nature — that was the
first lesson he learnt: & it was one such portentous
difficulty that it could only be learnt because Miss
Barrett was the teacher. ~~The understanding that~~
for nobody else could Flunk have undergone this discipline:
but between them as he had felt a ~~fast~~ ~~being~~ her
at the first sight of her, was some instinctive understanding
so that literally his pleasure was his, her
displeasure discommoded him: — yet the sympathy, this time,
had to cross such fast that to say simply Flunk
felt her with him Barrett. In the contrary, he felt
often most antipathetically. Eau de Cologne for
instance lacerated his nostrils: flowers in vases
smelt disagreeing to him while they still pleased her:
there were a thousand rules & laws in their sympathy —
& just & valiant, hollow places — so that often
they started at each other in bewilderment: often
Miss Barrett could not imagine what he heard,
why he trembled, how he divined that Folly
was passing the door, or that Catherine had just
got a million bone between his paws. ~~He~~
~~smelt~~ ~~heard~~ ~~imagined~~ nothing. ~~No~~ could
On the other hand, when Miss Barrett
put a board on her knee, & spent hour after hour —
there it was. Reckoning by a days time, day
after day, passing a black stick across it, until
it was covered with a series of marks like
little black marks. Flunk was ~~plunged~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~
~~depth~~ ~~of~~ ~~distress~~. Flunk saw her eyes full with tears:
as he himself wrote " — And then came the
failure in my health, ... & then the enforced
exile to Torquay which gave a night mare to
my life for ever, & robbed it of more than I
can speak of here; do not speak of that

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NYPL

[Faint, illegible handwriting in the bottom half of the page]

Chs
Horn: 153

'a very
neat &
characteristic
portrait of
Flush.
(humorously
made
rather like
himself.'

anywhere. Do not speak of that, dear Mr. Horn:

Why did his eyes fill with tears? Flush could be no sort of
reason: there was nothing ~~new~~ hurting her. And then she
brought out (laughing) showed him a black mark which
meant nothing whatever to him. Yet, to her
& to Mr Horn this meaningless sign was nothing less
than a portrait of Flush himself, drawn by Miss
Barrett to serve instead of her own picture
"I only fail of being an excellent substitute for mine
through being more worthy than I can be counted"
Miss Barrett added, in those minute claw-like
chambers which whatever they meant to Mr Horn,
meant less than nothing to Flush. And yet Miss
Barrett would go on passing this stick across a white
space; & sometimes crying & sometimes laughing,
though there was nothing whatever happening in the room.

Between them, as Flush had felt that first afternoon was a
tie that was bound; an uncomfortable yet thrilling
tightness; so that if his pleasure was her deep pain
then his pleasure was one that cut at his lips in the
very act of jobbing it down. That was true;
~~often with his~~ he would refuse a walk rather than
leave Miss Barrett alone; & yet the tie that bound
them had to cross such gulfs - there were such
it was broken in so many places; there were
such gaps in it that often they could only
stare at each other in bewilderment.
Why did Flush suddenly tremble & whimper
& look & listen, how he knew up? Miss
Barrett could hear nothing; she could see
nothing: there was no body else in the room.
She could not tell that Foley her sister's King
Charles's Span had passed the door; she
could not smell that Catherine the Cuban
bloodhound had just been given a mutton

NYP1

Cap. June

borne by the footman. Nor could she with all her poet's
imagination divine what welcome wet umbrella
meant; to a dog who had once been beaten by a tramp;
what memories of dark men, saying span span were
2 wild monstrosities & cries of span span were made him by
round in him when the whip, a carters cracked his
whip in Wimpole Street. ~~As for~~ Flush, crouched at
Mrs Barrett's feet, guess he could not imagine
what pleasure she found in perpetually crossing a
white shirt with a black stick: yet then she would
spend hour after hour; & why did she suddenly
laugh, & why did her eyes fill with tears? There was
no jewel, no reward: there was nothing in the room.
When Mrs Barrett wrote "Ah dear Mr. Home ..."
And Mrs Cam. the wet.
It meant nothing to Flush - when she showed him
a very neat & "he saw nothing but a vapor"
black mark. And yet she laughed. But why?
~~There was no reward, & she would smell~~
nothing, & hear nothing. There was nobody else in
the room with them.

~~There is no~~ ~~insight~~ of these ~~misunder-~~
~~standings~~ ~~in their~~ Get that there were ~~from~~ ~~from~~
~~obstacles~~. Get though there were ~~from~~ ~~from~~
between them, & though this means of communication
were highly imperfect, still under the shadow of
Dr. Ahab's pen up a sympathy which, perhaps
because it had to find its way such waits of
silence to cross, became, as time went on, all
the deeper, all the subtler. What eloquence,
Mrs Barrett's marvellous home reflected her in silence
while Flush, looking at the shut of paper that
fugue painted under her pen, thought, Ah to be
able to write! And to do that - ~~what~~ ~~it~~
~~was~~ ~~it~~. And, in the long watches of the day,
they looked at each other sometimes as if each could give

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the other something, as the long hours went by in the back bedroom, with nothing to mark them but the sound of steps passing in the stairs; the distant sound of the front door shutting; the sound of the postman's knock; the sound of Chinking of the coals in the grate.

Both for Flank. for Mrs Barrett it was always an event when a step was heard to stop at the bedroom door; when the handle was seen to turn; when the door actually opened; when some body actually came into the room. How strangely the look of the furniture changed! What extraordinary new odors of perfume & smell were at once set into circulation, reaching round the table legs, impinging upon the hard edge of the wardrobe! Probably it was Wilson with a tray of food or a glass of medicine. Or it might be one of Mrs Barrett's three sisters. Or it might be one of Mrs Barrett's seven brothers. And when Flank saw Mrs Barrett's little thin fingers pass making fine marks, a delicately lightening voice when her head came over the table, he shuddered his own fury pangs seemed to contract & fine themselves into fingers. When he heard her voice syllabing delicately innumerable separate words he had fancied that the rough roar that came from his lips would one day issue as in little hard words that had no mysterious & no varied meaning.]

Probably it was Wilson with a tray of food; or a glass of medicine. Or it might be one of her three sisters. Or it might be one of her seven brothers. But once or twice a week preparations were made that indicated an event of greater importance. The bed would be carefully disjoined as a sofa;

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the arm chair would be drawn up nearer the sofa: Miss Barrett would be wrapped in Indian shawls; the medicine bottles & the toilet things would be carefully concealed in the cabinet under the busts of Chaucer & Homer. Flunk humbly would receive an extra combing & brushing. Then, after that, about two or three came the tap on the door for which both Miss Barrett & Flunk were anxiously watching; & in came dear Miss Metford, beaming, ~~very~~ ^{lovely} haired ~~with rather shabby & unbecomingly white~~ ^{carrying a bunch of geraniums} with a bunch of geraniums, beaming kindly like one of the flowers taken in 18.

Flunk, by ~~simply~~ sitting at Miss Barrett's feet, ~~listening~~ ^{to their voices - let their voices} ~~to their voices~~ ^{know} ~~as it seemed~~ ^{hour after} ~~uplifting over him~~ ^{hour on & on & on they went; & at last, finally} ~~to his pleasure~~ ^{for little silences came: Miss} ~~Metford began~~ ^{Mr. Kemper stood for up, & stood with his back to the fire:} ~~Mr. Kemper~~ ^{Mr. Kemper, with a sharp angular movement that was} ~~that comprehended to his voice, pulled her gloves on. There~~ ^{was a heaving, swaying. Flunk was tempted to} ~~was halted, by Miss Metford; had he not pulled by~~ ^{Mr. Kemper. The last routine of heart-breaking was} ~~Mr. Kemper. "Mr. Kemper,"~~ ^{Mr. Kemper. "Mr. Kemper,"} ~~the door was shut: Miss Barrett sank back very~~ ^{white, very tired, & her hollow, & ~~hearing he praised~~ ^{heard later they}} ~~they were alone again. After that, almost~~ ^{dinner time before the visitor went. Wilson was} ~~at the door now with Miss Barrett's dinner on a~~ ^{tray.} ~~But what with the dressing & the~~ ^{talking Miss Barrett was too tired to eat.}

had seen, had
said word by
had remembered
something, had
found them
flaw, had
got to the
end -

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has been
found
in the
library
of the
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It was
despising

He seemed right when the covers were lifted, showed
a whole chop, or a wing of chicken, or half a parturient.
He readily fiddled about with her knife & fork.
He could not be bothered even to cut up the solid
~~meat~~ the wing of a admirable capon. Making a
secret sign to Flunk, she held up the fork. He held up her
fork. Stealthily & silently Flunk advanced. He
seized the bird off her fork. He swallowed it
whole. He was lying couchant at her feet,
apparently asleep. She was lying, vested, vested,
with an empty plate before her, when one more
a step clothed at the door, - a step heavier, more
that was heavier, slower, but more determined than
any other step clothed at the door: the handle
a tap rounded that was full of authority
& command; & the door opened to admit
the most formidable human being of men.
It was Mr. Barrett heavily. His eye at once rested on
the tray. Had his commands been obeyed? Yes,
the plate was empty. He lowered heavily into the
chair by his daughter's side. Then Wilson
whirled, & Flunk thrust off the sofa &
ran out of the room, driven away by a force
which

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IV

To a dog of Flunk's temperament - that has ^{in his species} said much on
the education of the ~~best~~ ^{best} room, was drastic. But what,
though the words fall freely from the pen, it is not
so easy to define that temperament which may well
elude us when we try to say what makes up
the but what was that temperament? ~~Of~~
Many dogs for though like any dog would have
passed through it comparatively untouched. But
Flunk was no ordinary was profoundly affected.

There are dogs who could have lived this life & received
their education without being greatly affected one way
or the other. But Flunk was profoundly impressionable.
Now Barrett was a dog of compelling personality, at
once meditative & in whom abounded a reflective &
Flunk "is a philosopher" - Mrs Barrett noted - & highly
emotional. Mrs Barrett the high spirited, &
a calmly unresponsive to personal relations naturally
sought to win his sensibility that was fostered
by such a life as that he lived in Weymouth Mass.
He longed for something more & he developed became
the became his sensibility, & may be heard, & was
rather to the peculiar somewhat at the expense
cost of the other qualities. But, Mrs Barrett
the turning from the hair, & after contact with
hairs it was natural that the roughness of dogs
should be more apparent to him. Mrs Barrett noticed
admitted that he was that the barking & baying of
ordinary dogs were becoming distasteful to him. He
"does not pretend to be a hero" she admitted.
On September 7th 1843 Catlin's "the great
Savage Cuba bloodhound" & when he
injured his leg. But when we read of

2 Physically

45

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philosophical
"dag"
He & I argued
a harp &
came to the
conclusion
that it
was not
alone

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✓

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and yet it is difficult to not to sympathize with the
dilemma in which Fluh was placed. Here was Miss
Barrett taking a harp from the window & laying it
beside Fluh: ~~he~~ ^{He} ~~is~~ ^{is} looking ~~him~~ ^{him} to determine whether
an instrument that produces music can be properly
used to be alone. ~~No Fluh decided; a harp is not~~
~~alone~~ ~~No~~ ~~some~~ ~~had~~ ~~he~~ ~~decided~~ ~~that~~ ~~life~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~a~~
property of the harp, then the Cuban bloodhound set
on him & bit his leg. Miss Barrett concluded
that he was not a hero. Here was Catherine
seizing him by the leg [Sept 8th 1843] & biting him
severely. Here was Mr Kenyon wearing a
great cloak & stumbling over the hell hole.
Here most difficult problem of all, was Miss Barrett
attended by a male red dog who was not himself.
If he trembled & barked. The red dog trembled -
barked also. What then was the use of trembling -
barking? He solved the problem by "squeezing close,
close to me & Kenyon me & personally." It seems
natural enough, when the dog education laid
such profound problems in his way that he
should fail to respond with perfect
directness, force to the barking of other dogs. But
then under motion of throat & anger.
in ~~on the other hand~~ ^{this peculiar intent}
language, if Miss Barrett could with justice
say that Fluh was 'not a hero', he made up
by a sensibility that daily grew more acute.
About. Nothing could affect Miss Barrett
without also affecting him. And, as time
went on, in Wimpole that Miss
Barrett came to realize the sacrifice he had
made for her, & returned his affection, with all its
acknowledgment - did he not spring upon Mr
Kenyon when Mr Kenyon stumbled over the
hell hole - about work. He had given up

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everything for her sake - love, & adventure & all the joys of active life. And she found out he was lost.

When he refused to sleep when prevented from sleeping as he had "he passed the night moaning bitterly", if he refused to eat unless she gave him his food, these extremes of sensibility, judged sentimental, endowments - ~~they were~~ ^{they were} no doubt by Caliban, - ~~the~~ ^{they were} all tokens of the love he had for her. And he had, she remembered, savoured everything she for her sake - love, adventure, all the joys of the normal days life. And when he had been lost. Mrs. Barnett found that she could not eat a sleep. He is worth loving, is he not?" she said. Her to "Flunkie

Home
1. 165

is my friend - my companion - & loves me better than he loves the darkness without. Once when he had been lost, & had eaten nothing for three days, he would not eat, when he first saw Mrs. Barnett, but "streaked away from the plate & laid down his head on my shoulder. The spirit of love conquered the animal appetite even in that day. He is worth loving. Is he not?"

he went downstairs, & we can well understand that there may have been some mental, some abstractness about him which worried the fairies & then the rage of Caliban the Savage Cuban Bloodhound who guarded the hall. He fell upon Flunkie, worried him, bit him, & sent him howling upstairs. Flunkie is 'no hero' Mrs. Barnett commented. But then, how far is heroism consistent with metaphysical subtlety? ~~How Newton~~ ^{How Newton} would Newton, if seized in the heel by a Bloodhound just as the apple fell.

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IV

Must: like wonder that such an education would have
 affected even an ordinary dog. And Flush was not an
 ordinary dog. He was a strange mixture of high spirit
 & reflectiveness, of daring & sensibility. ~~He~~
 When such a dog the atmosphere of the bedroom turned
 with peculiar force. We cannot blame him if
 his ^{sensibilities} ~~instincts~~ were cultivated ^{rather than} ~~more than~~ this physical
 courage. Lying with his head pillowed in a peck
 lexicon. naturally he disliked barking & baying.
 he preferred the cat to the dog. Then, Miss
 Barrett. Then Miss Barrett would give him brain
 when difficult problems. The woman took a lamp
 from the window & ask him, as she laid it by her
 side, the thought that was upon? Then she
 would make him stand with her before looking
 down. & ask him why he barked & trembled? Was not
 the little brown dog himself? Naturally Flush for
 such such problem, with such evident gobble
 he wear down Hain, & this Hain to be wondered at
 of them was something abstract, & elusive,
 in his own what would he say of the rough
 Cuban blood-hound (Cubela). When he returned her
 wound him but him in the leg & sent him
 howling upstairs for Miss Barrett's sympathy.
 He is 'no hero' the anecdote. But why was he 'no hero'?
 Was it not partly in his nature. ~~How far~~ ^{the}
 even his just not to realize that there for he take
 & by his teaching that he had... And

Was it, or
 was it not?
 Flush would
 jump near
 to Miss
 Barrett's
 knee in
 sympathy.

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indescribable horror, in his finger, or impetuosity in their
 way they tore the flap open - he perceived, as we
 with our power can hardly hear half asleep, a
 bell ringing. A mountain out in the West, &
 I know among the tumult of other sounds & his
 heavy falling waters of sleep, that some one is
 bell, addressed to us, alarmingly, that some one is
 trying. Though the clamour of sleep or dream that
 someone is trying to come in - has been shut out, or
 is rousing us with the cry of fire, or burglary -
 something alarming enters our consciousness - shows
 in this way that Fluke realised as this.
 Morning broke the envelope that sleep was over: that
 an alarm had sounded - He perceived as he read.
 And then, when he folded the letter & returned it
 to the envelope. Slept again; but not so soundly.
 Next morning he had the same indigestible
 sensation of alarm, & nerves rising of their own
 accord put him on Men Bravett
 handed her pen over a white sheet. That was
 her usual morning occupation. But today
 there was something unusual. The hand
 was eager: it stopped; then it started again.
 Fluke could it write rapidly: then it stopped.
 "I am writing too much, - a not understanding that
 I am writing too much, I will wait a moment
 thing more." off she went again: Fluke
 felt the strangest most urgent desire to interrupt
 to bank to whom: but Men Bravett said was
 been completely oblivious of them - they were
 further away than they had ever been - there was
 a just a waste of space than silence between them
 " & I will say " she went on " that while I
 live to follow this divine art of poetry, in
 proportion to my love for it & my devotion to it,
 I must be a devoted admirer & student of
 your works. This is in my heart to say
 to you. - & I say it " and it was

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when the letter was sealed up & sent off, that
Fluke felt that he was more grieved to Miss Barrett.
that Fluke felt that Miss Barrett had returned across the
vast gulf of oblivion & ~~was~~ saw him again.

He did his best to reason himself out of his alarm
For a day or two the letters were innocuous -
merely from Miss Nutford as usual. But when he
saw the ~~same~~ ~~envelope~~ ~~in which~~ could not but
notice the casual way in which they were
tossed into the drawer that was already half full of
Miss Nutford's letters. & compare it with the
And then, on the night of the 14th of January,
there again was the same ominous envelope - on
Wilson's tray. Now began a time of exquisite
unrelenting torment. Sometimes days would
pass without a letter; & he would try to
hope that but even so, he could not prevent
himself from himself those unnumbered slight
signs - perceptible to no one else - which told him
that Miss Barrett was waiting, was trying for a
letter. And the fact that he was ~~debarred~~
from trying her with his ~~valour~~ made it the
harder to bear. Often she would lie as if
frankly he cared were perfunctory; she looked
him with a negligence that was worse than a blow.
Sometimes, as the weeks went by, he cheated tried
himself with the to be ~~too~~ ~~ready~~ that he
was ~~gagged~~ ~~nothing~~ ~~apart~~ ~~all~~, what was -
letter? ^{these letters made} ~~there~~ ~~was~~ ~~no~~ change in Miss Barrett's
life. Only no ~~fresh~~ ^{new} visitor came - Mrs.
Kempson. Miss Nutford every time only Mrs. Kempson -
Miss Nutford as usual. And then, just as he
had taken this view to heart he would notice
some curious sign of impatience, of restlessness
in Miss Barrett. He looked at her
anxiously in the glass: but she did not hold him

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he had never
known he was
so feverishly
alive and hardy
a man

up to look two. Then the disturbed husband anxiously
about the weather - was the wind still in the East -
was there no sign of Spring in the Park?
And Fluke could no longer the reading & the writing
of the letter became more & more absorbing, ~~the~~ the
letter themselves came more frequently, & then - length was
the for the first time she seemed impatient, when
irritable; when March & said that March had never been
so cold. And then, as if to solace herself, directly
the she looked back to what had become her
solace - writing, but not posting, but letter. And
the knew, Fluke thought, even before he knew, that
there was a letter for her, or that there was
not a letter for her (only the hated letter now
counted - often she found with great & painful
carefully into drawers) & was so so valued
or exasperated in appointed just as keenly as he
was felt the very opposite emotion. They were
far from feeling in sympathy with each other they
were now opposed - for the first time Fluke
found himself appreciating the qualities of Mr.
Barrett. Was obedience to father, he came to
think was a crime, he should be, & should he
not swallow the bait next time it was
offered him? But if he refused, what chance
was there that Mr Barrett would understand the
reason? If for a moment, taking advantage of one
of those moods of gloom & despondency, which now
alternated with the new gleams, he crept up to
her & begged, not love, not career, but
something more secret more profound, then
very likely, in the moment of intimacy, she would
her gray eyes would burn with a strange new lust,
he knew would stay pressed with unthinking
hardness in his face, & become that was the
first man's look. Yes - here it was. And

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10 May 1900

Conced with the
little fish dispute.

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would have been the thickly wooded hillside: the wind would have blown out before the road than the insupportable breeze, whose blot, covered with blotches, cratted hands that was would have moved, a flush could tell, from the sloping fine elegance of her then ~~consequently~~ Min but for a little.

"And now more of Jack, which I am fast forgetting X.... Do you think I shall see you in two months, three months?" I may travel, perhaps.

Next day ~~then~~ ~~flush then~~ And after that Mrs Barrett was so ill that no wonder that flush did not know how to put up with the torment. ~~And~~ The man went blew: the war ill: yet the war not ill: the war more active than usual: & yet the war ill: the looked in the glass: the questioned Wilson about the weather: the was ~~all~~ new happy, new independent. Each sword went through flush like a knife: & then, the took up his bound all more & wrote - "This implacable weather!" & then all this

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must end!... A free is coming: recovery a step & break...

If the power, no did flush. His life But what at! The portman knock - a little - no letter - the rain - the wind - every change followed him - the light changing in the water - the glow the red merino - the top of the way in the pane - saw every sound of spring - the occasional voice of a bird in the meadow - when they said it was a fine day - when they said spring was coming - when Mrs Barrett had her Indian shawl out - when she looked at her in the glass - what was coming, what was happening - what was the event was impending? Now - now. But now only Mrs Arabella. Now Mrs only Mrs Kenyon... And then, at last, on May

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The twentieth 1845 he knew he could hardly breathe for
fear his heart beat, as he saw Men Barnett look at
him warily, every body nervously, his look on
draw the armchair door - no net to close: &
lay to same himself in a pillow - & do the
that the other - until the door front door
thundered: the lay himself still: so did Fluk.
He watched her intently: up there came the reader
set impossible fear: the last that was fresh &
impulse, & 2 full of energy & ardor: the last
Hobbs: the door swung open. "Mr. Brown"
said a voice. And there he was, in the flesh:
with rosy cheeks, & tawny black hair: Canny
Canna coloured glass: blinking his eyes: the power
smile wide apart: he was very robust: & young.
he had a raked under a perfect gentleman: he looked
as he were. He sat down & blinking his eyes.

Mr. Brown! Men Barnett held out his
hand; & Fluk, lying down in the complete tenacity
realized up in a well: joyful: surrounded
with his joyful presence: Fluk & lost all feeling;
with his eyes blazing. Saw that
what was horrible to Fluk was his complete
loneliness as they talked. When he had felt that he &
Men Barnett & he were alone in a cab
fright case. Now he was alone in the cab: but Men
Barnett was not; & the cab was no longer fearful:
it was cold, & dark: & inside the man blazed;

the wind warred; whips cracked; dark men
and span span; & the he was chained; unperceived:
& all that he was deceived. He had left
him: & he was imprisoned. When he stirred, the
did not notice. When he wheeled, & they did
not hear. He looked at the brutes: at the
wardrobe: at the parlour on the washstand.
All were the same. And yet they were all

as they talked

but

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desires almost
power each in our
power

The talk never
stopped. It did not
flow, it ^{replied} ~~replied~~.
He kept his
face & kept
again.

manifestly blue
share with him the
curious, voluntary
his silence, his incapacity
for them.
He did not
work for silence.
He worked for
speech.
He looked at him
almost as if
he wished he
could speak.
He marvelled at his
obscure.

lively. Theatrical, not presenters, not part, as they had been for
year & year, of himself & Mrs Barrett, guardian, friendly
~~connections~~, familiar friend. They were nothing to him any
longer. He shifted his position. Mrs Barrett took no
notice, he whined - ~~the~~ the man at that moment
saw his loud abrupt laugh. At last he lay perfectly
still, every muscle hard, tense, silent, desperate in
young. At last the clock struck another hour,
hour. Mr Browning jumped up. ~~Delusion~~
a homid dream, a dreadful self confidence marked
every feature. He was gone.

But Mrs Barrett did not sink back on her
pillows white & startled; she did not call
Fluck to her, & fondle him as she was used,
when Mr Henry left her, or Mrs Jameson, or Miss
Metford - as much as to say well that over. This
now we are in head, & new let us drop all this
sensible chatter & be silent again. On the
contrary; the cat upright; her eyes were bright. ^{in chair} ~~she~~ ^{was} ~~glowed~~
The ~~when~~ at last she returned to notice as before
Fluck, she touched Fluck lightly, joyfully; but almost
as if she were another day. The cat ate every scrap
she ~~drank~~ that night - there was no ~~rest~~ ^{rest}
of anything Fluck to help her. That night she ate her
chicken to the bone. And when Mr Barrett
came in, Fluck felt a ~~for the first time~~
again a movement of sympathy towards him. He
the ~~He only knew what Fluck~~
could ~~for~~ ^{smell} him? Don't you know who's
been sitting in that very arm chair? Can you smell the
The whole room reeked & reeked with
his presence that dark haired bright faced man.
But Mr Barrett noticed nothing. When
Fluck was called out by lodgers, he was
actually praying. Nobody knew what Fluck knew.
He ^{was} ^{his} prayed with his daughter. Fluck when Fluck was
called out of the room.

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from the dark
man in the
Chair.

The family did begin to notice however that Mrs Barrett
was better - She left her room & went down to the kitchen &
dining room. Then she did what she had ^{not} done
for many a long day - she actually walked ^{as he on foot} ~~with~~ her
Lester as far as the gate at Downshire Place with her
Lester. Flinch knew who ~~Anna~~ ^{Anna} that where her
strength came from - it was from ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~brother~~ ^{brother}.
He came again & again & again. Before long he came
~~was coming~~ regularly & punctually: he came
twice a week; ~~at two~~ he came at in the afternoon:
he brought flowers. When he did not come, his letters
came - he letters went. There were his flowers on the
table. Naturally, Mrs Barrett loved her just.
Flinch humbly felt that that it was almost
impossible to sit still when that man was there,
even after he was gone - His dreams were
full of whips cracking - even. He dreamt, as he had
not dreamt since the old days at Three Mile Cross,
of hares, ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~wharbling~~ ^{wharbling} up from their forms. I
particular rising from the stubble, of leaping
with other dogs, of chasing some spotted spaniel -
a woman, no a dog, his wife was she, or
was she about to be? in Warrington, in Wales, in
Northampton, in Regent's Park - ^{but} ~~he~~ ^{he} looked up:
there was only Mr. Browning talking to Miss
Barrett: no Mr. Stubbs - only the doctor. But
when Flinch actually went alone with
Mrs Barrett (Aug. 20th 1845) into Regent's
Park was a turmoil of conflicting feelings. He
felt such was the complexity of her feelings that when
Mrs Barrett said (Aug 20th 1845) that if the
rain stopped she would take him for a walk in
Regent's Park, he wraped his tail instinctively: yet
felt, as it were, strongly because he cannot come today:
I see this - this in the blood to him: & that
himself: yet can't resist going - & yet knows -

& there were
no men
cracking whips.

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who had given
her back her rights

St. Louis

That But the pleasure which the routine of
that flake profited that Mrs Barrett became more
active - yet the change in Mrs Barrett's life had its
effect upon Flak. On Aug 20th for instance she
took him for a walk alone in Regent Park -
as wild joy but the wild joy was clouded
why did she go out? Because of Mr Browning.
Why was she able to walk? Because of Mr Browning.
Why did she choose that Tuesday? Because then when
Mr. Browning would not come. There Jack
everything was quickened. One feeling drove into
another. And he could not think he could not
be sure what the letter words meant that
hurled over him, from two things to four things,
that too as sometimes so verbily at other
times with long pauses, he could debate with
himself all day the tone; he knew that
her voice was raised in some deep melody;
& that there was, moreover, that she talked
with a ring with a softness with a dreamy &
warming heat, with something sometimes
hardly making any effort, & then a few words so
roundly & clearly with a bell like note - to
which the man answered - with the same
thrill, but far more fully, so that the sound
of those voices, was like the humming of
bees, or the rattle of a cloud, when it goes over a
hill, & the hill, as Flak had observed, darker -
then blazer: & then the odd thought came to him
that Mrs Barrett was laughing, like a
bird flying, like a nest of young birds
laughing & chattering while the mother bird
drove women into their holes, & then that she
had soared up into the air, was like
like the loudest flute like cross, and by
whistling, like the plover in the Berkshire
hills: & then that there was a
grotesque creaking, rattling, frog-like garrulous;
or laughter & chuckles; & then, as the summer passed

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a puny, an
agency, a
guiltless
intensity

as and that
agency that
furnishes
for fun -

into autumn he suffered a new note in the main voice,
something urgent, ^{heated} and ^{stark} at which Mrs Barrett
tush fight he could hear, & plead, hesitate, because
thoke in broken utterance, gasping, divided, as if the
were pleading for time, for rest, for pain - as if the
were afraid.

As of him, they took little notice - the night, he
myself, have been a long guest lying there at
Mrs Barrett's just for all the attention the Mrs
Browning gave him. Sometimes he patted him, or
rubbed him hard in his back spasmodic way -
"You know what I've found in time through you: -

Mrs Browning wrote in October 1845. ~~But~~
Flunk felt ~~nothing~~ but an intense dislike for Mrs.
Browning. He disliked his frequency; his
blissness; the very look of him, so well set-up. so
tall, so buttoned, so tight. so muscular, so
vigorous in every feature, so formidable, so
set his teeth on edge. He was the very
opposite of Mrs Barrett's brother. There was
nothing in them to make one's hackles bristle.
There was the most kindling that
Flunk had ever known. One hope alone possessed
him - that the man would be rejected
~~possibly by Mrs Barrett~~, that for Mrs Barrett
would one day walk in before her time - would
speak, would by their force of that stare - how
black, how beetling, Flunk well knew - yet this
intruder from the house. But Mrs Browning was
always gone long before Mrs Barrett tapped at the
door. Nobody ever interrupted them ^{in the afternoon}.
No conversation. Flunk could only show his
animosity by a brute, by a snarl.
Barrett had to make his way to mediate between
them. Flunk could hear his name mentioned -
his character discussed. "Did you ever hear of

B.B. 1
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yes: but none of this made any difference to his intense
dislike of the whole intolerable situation.

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B. 31
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hovered

~~to~~
that
disgusted
Fluck
profoundly

Came an unt.
Fluck.

It was a situation moreover which was always changing. Although one month passed, & then another, & the fatal twentieth of May had come round again, Fluck could not settle into any ~~settled~~ ^{settled} attitude of mind. The Lumsden of change were always in the air. Sometimes he believed that there was going to be a more agreeable kind - there was the indefinable his which precedes jacking. A boy perhaps, was actually dented & moved from the boy room. Then it was but back again. The voices changed. Men Barrett's voice had lost its hesitation, its far fluttering note. There was a note in it that Fluck had never heard before - It sounded rang out with the same border the man's voice, different ~~minutely~~ ^{minutely} strong, for all that it never lost its spirit. Bitterly enough, the Fluck felt that Men Barrett himself was changing; when he ~~was~~ ^{was} tried to ~~approach~~ ^{approach} where as in the old way, kissing her, there ~~was~~ ^{was} a ~~change~~ ^{change} in the old. He treated his advances more bravely; as if the head less time for dalliance; as if there were something a little trivial new in them. At last the crisis came. On Wednesday July 8th Fluck could restrain himself no longer. He ~~looked~~ ^{looked} rushed at Mr. Browning & bit him. At last he bit him in the immaculate cloth of Mr. Browning's frock. But the limb made was like iron. Mr. Jennings has been bitten in comparison. Mr. Browning pushed him off with a one flick. She - Land. He was not ruffled for a moment. The voices were scarcely interrupted. Nothing had been said. ~~Fluck~~ ^{Fluck} ~~was~~ ^{was} the utmost that Fluck could do. He lay panting with excitement, rage, & disappointment. But when Mr. Browning had gone, ~~Mr. Barrett~~ ^{Mr. Barrett} ~~perished~~ ^{perished} Fluck had to meet the

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He left him.

P.B.
2
321

There were men
in her manner
wh - Thomas
him that she did
not understand
his action: The had
changed: This love was
H. did not need

Fluke lay
in a
the guest of
Dorothy

the most severe punishment that any ~~man~~ could have been
doomed. The Mrs Barrett slapped his face that was
exceedingly rough rather to his liking. But then she said
she would never love him again - that he had given up
the sunshine for her sake. Finally, & most cuttingly,
she went & put Mr. Browning's flowers in water.
~~No action beating, no reproach~~, Fluke watched her
& each rose, as she placed it carefully in the vase,
was as a cloud of earth upon his face. Each
jection as she turned the flowers, assayed him, twisted
the knife deeper into the wound. And she sat silently
watching him. At last when Mrs Barrett noticed
that ~~was disturbed~~ by the pretty ~~with which he~~ ^{twisted}
~~looked at her~~. He could not ignore even ~~in her own~~
that "expression of good quite despair on his face."
"At last I said . . . just as I did."
Memories of this part, ~~some confusion of what~~ ^{the} Fluke
old some of Fluke's character which, all those months
had been submerged beneath the other impression. Return to
her. "Not so dangerous," she wrote "
But though she forgave him, & though, ~~quite~~ ^{quite} was his
case for her, that he could not resist her forgiveness,
the little though she understood his anger - did she
not ascribe it merely frivolously to his a
general hatred of "all unethically minded people" -
did she not assure Mr. Browning that Fluke
"does not hate you", he has a certain distrust of you,
which any outward sign, such as the umbrella,
unwakens. But if you had seen how sorry
embarrassed he was yesterday!" - while she ran on like this
Fluke did not need to read these words in
order to be aware that she misunderstood him
completely. An incident that took place
Mr. Browning was in at fault. He as Fluke was kind
aware even the act of looking ^{harmless} ~~him~~ ^{at} ~~him~~
him with a nobler rage than a child's whiti-
against umbrellas. He recognized Fluke "Oh,

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23/4/88

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in the possession
of the
New York Public Library
since 1900. They are
now being transferred
to the
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how Fluk -

But Mrs Barrett, ~~he~~ ^{she} was now new rules apart.
A single incident is enough to prove it. A few days
after this terrible explosion, Mrs Barrett

Mrs Barrett decided, when Mrs Brown had gone,
to drive to the Park in a cab with her sister
Anabella. They ~~was~~ ^{he} they got out at the gate

the door of the cab was shut on Fluk's paw.
He Fluk, ~~whether~~ ^{whether} determined to try the effect of Mrs

Barrett's feelings, how 'convincingly' he had done
looking to Mrs Barrett for sympathy. In other days,

his sympathy would have been lavished - perhaps too
lavish. But now, looking at him with that certain

anxious look that the world was now, as if
the way ~~leading~~ ^{leading} through the right world clearer

than ever, saw him none (Fluk always makes the
most of his misfortune - he is the Byronic school -

was a communist. "I see it de pose in victims
whenever, he dashed off over the grass, as if there

were nothing the matter.
In other days, her sympathy would have been

lavished on him abundantly for less. But now
a detached, a mocking, a critical expression

came into her large dark eyes. She laughed
at him. "Fluk always makes the most of his

misfortune - he is the Byronic school - it is
poor in victims" she said. Without more ado

he bounded off. His paw had been broken,
still he would have bounded. Mrs Barrett completely

misunderstood. "... no sooner had he
touched the grass than he began to run

without a thought of it" she said. Fluk
always makes the most of his misfortune -

he is the Byronic school - it is poor in
victims" His paw had been broken, still he

Fluk

He

NYPL

18.3
1.5

There were three
in the room
at the time
of the murder
the other two
were not
seen by the
police.

But in
the
the
the

how Flunk -

2
329

But Mrs Barrett, he ~~was~~ was now new rules apart.
 a single incident is enough to prove it. a few days
 after this terrible explosion, Mrs Barrett (
 Mrs. Mrs Barrett decided, when Mrs Brown had gone,
 to drive to the Park in a cab with her sister
 Arabella. They ~~was~~ as they got out at the gate
 the door of the cab was shut on Flunk's paw.
 He Flunk, ~~whether~~ determined to try the depth of Mrs
 Barrett's feelings, how 'cruel' & 'barbarous' he had
 looking to Mrs Barrett for sympathy. In other days,
 her sympathy would have been lavished - perhaps too
 lavishly. But now, looking at him with that caustic
 amused look that the world was now, as if
 the way ~~leading~~ through the right world clearer
 than ever, gave him none (Flunk always makes the
 most of his misfortunes - he is the Byronic school -
 was a comment. " Il se pose en victime
 whenever, he dashed off over the grass, as if there
 were nothing the matter.
 In other days, her sympathy would have been
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 misfortunes - he is the Byronic school - il se
pose en victime" she said. Without more ado
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 still he would have bounded. Mrs Barrett couldn't
~~it is~~ misunderstand ".... no sooner had he
 touched the grass than he began to run
 without a thought of it" she said. Flunk
 always makes the most of his misfortune -
 he is the Byronic school - il se pose en
victime " If his paw had been broken, still he

He

Flunk

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have bounded. ~~in~~ ^{was} his answer to her mockery.
 The flower smelt bitter to him; the pain burnt his jaws
~~feet~~ ^{the} dust of disillusion filled his nostrils.
 He raced; he scampered. The coat flashed gold
 in the setting sun. "Dog, must he be tied on chains" —
 nonsense. Must no longer yoked for him. The
 chain of love was broken. He would run
 where he liked — splash into the midst of beds
 the dahlia of the chore. did the Park keeper
 throw their transverse at him. He could
 wish that they knocked his brains out —
 at Mrs Barrett's feet. ~~But as so often happens~~
~~no sudden dog~~ ^{La} a new bitterness, & a new

with the flat men
 that
 But naturally,
 no park keeper
 saw him. He
 returned

the

marked it a new recklessness, filled his inspired him.
~~For did Mrs Barrett enjoy her walk.~~
~~There can be no doubt that~~ He was resolved to
 have one final attempt. He waited
 downstairs. He would meet his enemy alone.
 was determined to meet his enemy alone. On
 the afternoon of Tuesday July 2nd he slipped
 downstairs & waited for the well known knock.
 Mr Browning was admitted. He was carrying
 a first forewarning of the attack. Mr Browning
 had come & declined to meet it with
 in the most conciliatory of spirits. Mr
 Browning had provided himself with a packet of
 Cakes. He made perhaps as if to offer them.
 But the result was smash. Flank Flank
 himself upon him. He could not restrain his barking
 Wilson, alarmed by the sound, ran from her
 ambush & took beat him. He was
 overpowered. He was led away. Mr Browning
 went up alone to the bedroom. It was
 not until he had gone that Flank was
 admitted. ~~Then some kind of inspiring scene to~~
~~have taken place~~ He went straight to Mrs
 Barrett. ~~But she~~ ^{she} had already as if

in the hall
 for the

Mr. Brown was
 fatal

NYPL

read that she
had
whipped him
with her
hand only

B.B.

2. 353.

but there are
other confusions.
The soul is
a battle ground
of contrary
desires.

to demand a hearing. But she had already decided
against him. He would not speak to him. He went to
her sister, Elizabeth. He merely ^{said} ~~told~~ him "Naughty
Fluke, go away." Wilson, with his stolid gravity,
~~readily~~ maintained that she had done what she had
done, because it was right. He was convicted uncon-
sciously that there was nothing left for him to do.
"He lay down at on the floor at my feet"

It is clear from what happened afterwards that a
revolution of the ~~utmost importance~~ took place in
Fluke as he lay on the floor that summer evening.
He had done his utmost against his Browning, & he
had failed. 'Must' then, does exist.
The physical 'must', & the chain can be set aside:
Pain keeps can be defied: Dangers can be mastered
trampled under: but there is another 'must' ^{which} ~~is~~ ^{that} ~~is~~ ^{can} ~~is~~ ^{to} ~~is~~ ^{take} ~~is~~ ^{it?}
which is far more peremptory. "What am I to take it?"
Fluke mused, that evening, as he lay looking at him.
Barnett, who ~~regarded to meet his eyes~~ against
the idea which now began to occur to me.
What began to feel something. Miss Barnett
there may be another law - I can't bear this
silence. I can't love Miss Barnett's friendship.
I am physically the weather. I can't struggle.
I can struggle no longer. Miss Elizabeth, Wilson
Miss Barnett are all against me.
Barnett. Therefore I must love what she loves.
But I cannot. "he growled. Did I not hurt
Miss Barnett when I hit her Browning? Alas
for the unextinguishable confusion! "I get her
Can two people be one? Such doubts
& questions rushed through his brain all that
evening. At eight o'clock Miss Barnett
called him to her, & said that he was forgiven.
Yet some there was some hesitation in her
manner - some reserve. Poor Mr. Browning's cakes

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lay on the table unfolded. The looked at them as if
the would read for judgement by But Fluck could
not bring himself as if about to give them: but such
Fluck was still complete surrender was still beyond
his power. And the thought of what Fluck had done
still rankled in his brain. "Wicked Fluck - The
but out it people

And the actually went to the extreme of respecting
no w, in many long. I found to enlighten the thought.
Let him be shut up. But Browning had a bull dog & his
own. He had also know a milkers dog.

p.

While this debate went forward, the revolution accomplished
itself in Fluck's mind: the difficult decision was
made. ~~After the Mr. Brownings next visit paid in~~
~~mean. As he had just~~ Fluck was not allowed to be
present. But as he had just a very remarkable
scene took place. Fluck went to Miss Barrett's

bedroom. There was the arm chair drawn up by the
dola as usual. It still kept for Fluck the
pressure, the imprint, almost the person of Mr.
Browning. Normally it was abhorrent to him.
But now, such was the battle he had fought
with himself, such was the ^{payed} ~~affluence~~ ^{liberalized} ~~affluence~~ ^{of the} ~~of the~~ ^{of the}
grace, the diligent charity that ^{of the} ~~of the~~ ^{of the} ~~of the~~ ^{of the}
the victor, that even Miss Barrett ^{of the} ~~of the~~ ^{of the} ~~of the~~ ^{of the}
was forced to observe that "he suddenly
fell into a rapture". And then ^{he felt} ~~he felt~~ ^{he felt} ~~he felt~~ ^{he felt}
some seal must be set upon his. Some token ^{some token} ~~some token~~ ^{some token} ~~some token~~ ^{some token}
must mark the victory. He ^{he} ~~he ^{he} ~~he ^{he}
is much he was able to signify. ^{he} ~~he ^{he} ~~he ^{he}
"reminded me that the cakes you left, were on
the table." ~~It~~ ^{It} ~~It~~ ^{It} ~~It~~ ^{It}
Cakes, stale cakes, cakes bereft of any
carnal seduction. All the better. Miss
Barrett, without perhaps following his motive,
agreed to his device ... So I explained
thoroughly~~~~~~~~

2
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2: AB

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him at the
right of the
Chair

NYPL

tormented
hustlers

He pressed to their logical conclusion the thoughts that had come to him that very evening when he lay on the floor.

As he swallowed down the faded flake of that distant
party with what little remaining effort - Mrs. Barrett
could not guess, Flinch repeated in his own language
the word she used - he swore to love her & her
& not hate her for the future.

He was not antly rewarded - not by cater, not by
Chicken's wings, not even by the carress, which were now
given him a the permission to lie and more on the
sofa. He was rewarded by feeling [the warmth, the
luxury,] the curwinly physical relief which follows removal
of relief which follows
the removal of hatred: that ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~being~~ ^{is} ~~like~~ ^{like} an arm
like ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~conquering~~ ^{conquering} & killing, ~~at last~~ ^{at last} ~~hatred~~ ^{hatred}, ~~reality~~ ^{reality}
vindicativeness, had lain across his soul. But ~~knowing~~ ^{knowing}
had been cut out. Now the blood
had been cut out. Now the blood
had been cut out. Now the blood

- I had a week of Tuesday (1851)
 Browning talked, in flimsy, confused, almost,
 vigorous, rather, all flesh's sympathies were
 with him. He ~~had~~ needed what they needed - his
 desire, rather in sympathy with them - he was
 their friend, their confidant. Their conservative
 in some ~~flimsy~~ ~~themselves~~ cause, which, if
 new ~~themselves~~ was bound to spring triumphant -
 all his sympathies were with them now,
 all his hopes were in some ~~decisive~~ ~~fast~~
 emerging triumph that was to be their
 common, when, on Tuesday September twelfth

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Jimmy with him, was

he was tumbled head over heels into a vast dark bag.

~~One moment~~ he was in a shop in Vere Street with

Miss Barrett & her sister. Next he was blindfolded,

muzzled, throttled & fled, in confusion.

Miss

Barrett had forgotten the chain lead.

NYPL

3

Y

back
to take home
was almost
empty.
very
much

that there
were their Book
a letter
by any means
et cetera.

In the
trade James
Lubega
behind

[illegible]

V

NYPL

According
the tubs
meets at
the back

like the cows, in rooms over the unventilated sheds. — ~~the~~
~~Mr Beames~~ [To long as one kept to the main street — but
a pecked one's way rather carefully ^{even} among them — nothing need be
seen — ~~even in Westminster~~. But the presence of this wild
rabble, pressing round Westminster Street — even, haunting
Oxford Street,] a Mr. Beames, about 1850 took it into
his head to ^{make} ~~discover~~ the most extraordinary &
indeed unspeakable disclosures, even in the
'most aristocratic parishes in London'. Sometimes the
an old & a palatial old house, with noble
mantelpieces & ceilings had fallen into the hands of the
poor: it was all rotten; it was dripping with filth —
refuse. Sometimes landlords had run up Jerry
built tenement buildings without roofs whose
through whose wretched walls the rain dripped & the wind
blew. He saw a child dipping a can into a bright
green stream & asked 'Why drink that water?'
Yes, & washed in it too, for water was only
found as far as a week. ~~But these scattered spots —~~
houses like this were scattered about in Westminster &
Paddington & Marylebone. But there were certain quarters —
for example in that triangular space of ground at the
bottom of the Tottenham Court Road — where there was
vice, many, poverty, corruption lay in one pool:
was bound — ~~of the~~ — heaped up in "one
dense mass of human" ~~as it was~~, that is
— "... well nigh a pencil of Beames, a
pauper metropolis in July". Here lived &
had lived for hundreds of years — the place was
dripping & dreary with age — a whole city of stinking,
& lawless & penniless human beings. Stagnant just as
random / stood in the middle of the street; filthy
choked up the dark passages; the police could
do nothing. Mr Beames in Beames' ed. only
hoped that people would come to see what he had
seen. He could only rejoice when at last the cholera
came. But in 1846 the only course took

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Main body of handwritten text, appearing as several lines of cursive script.

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BV3
— 505

Nothing can better illustrate the precarious condition
Even of Wren hole Street ^{in 1868} than the calm with which
Miss Barrett accepted the ~~fact~~, & the certainty with
which ~~fact~~ that ^a day would be older & that her
day would be recovered. There was always a
The Black hand of the Bookery ~~was always ready to strike;~~
~~which could come; Wren hole Street~~

into - hole
thinner w
dark that
be covered

This bought
in the corner
jacks was
various
drugs
meat

1850

2

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1850

1850

1850

1850

he had a shoe
thrown at him.
Crawled out from
under the
table

lit up the
hanging lamp
the

The darkness thickened.
Naturally horrible men, half-naked women & slumped in
& flung themselves down on the floor, on the mattress; Flunk
to whom even Eau de Cologne was repulsive. was
maddened by the dark. Wane still was the beguiling
glue skin, for scraps of gold meat stood lag in a corner
all day tramping; thumping women; ~~the~~ the child
trunk & hunched; withered milk called children
pulled his ear, & hunched his ear, & tugged his jaw. Then
the darkness thickened; a thump of candle was stood
in the middle of the room. ~~Other things~~ The women
seemed full, yet more people, in rags, in tawdry
feathers, came peering in from the muddy lane outside.
A flare burnt in the road; he could see the odious
faces lit up as they passed - but never Mrs Barrett.
The room by degrees filled truly completely - with
Men came in with bags & their backs; women with
reticules like those Mrs Barrett. Mrs Arabella
Carroll. Out tumbled more dogs - lap dogs,
bet dogs, & some & rings & broaches. ~~bag~~
handbags; children shrieked; ~~as the door was~~ there was
handed round, the men & women came to blows; hands
they wrestled & struggled; corns, broaches, reticules
were scratched & rolled on the floor. This day,
barked; the cats howled; some parrot bit lately
the cherished confidante of a widow in Maiden Vale
chattered Pully Pully Pully. Polly had a ribbon
thrown at it for its tail.

Jack was not in the rooming. But was
not the day even worse.

the head of the
bandelli -
his name was
Taylor -

Lying on her sofa in Wimpole Street, among her
books & her bee-hives, Mrs Barrett expected Flunk
waited for Mr Taylor to bring Flunk that night
according to his promise. But he did not come.
The man was not seriously alarmed. He would
come next day.

The morning of Wednesday the 2nd of September
dawned in the rooming. The broken windows
white chapel

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gradually became smeared with grey. Light fell upon
the hairy faces of the ruffians who had watched him
jealously. Could it be true that there were a street
& a shop & ladies looking at lace on a counter, & a
that only yesterday; was there a world where gentlemen
offered one rich cake, in which fresh pure water
sparkled in a purple jar, where there were busts
bookcases; & a lady beckoned & one gulped down
a whole chicken's wing nicely roasted; a
word of violent rage & jealousy & suspicion about
men carrying yellow gloves? It seemed incredible.

Dusty light fell into the room. The cord
cut his leg; & a woman heaved herself off a
sack & staggered out to fetch beer for the men.
The man called & kicked. A ruffian flourished a
knife close to his ear. Some obscene joke was
made about him. In the long stifling hours went by:
Every time the door opened he looked up. Could it
be Mr Barrett Mr Browning Mr Keegan?
He had begun to dream. Mr Metford - the
think he heard Dr Metford calling his greyhound

at Three Mile Cross. Another day passed.
with her servants? On Wednesday wore on,
an awful feeling towards him - he had been
betrayed, forgotten, delivered over to her fate.
But no - the story of his mind, fancy &
twisting, as his body became more desolate, hollow, &
more poor, lying in that rickety pull, returned
like a bee to a flower to one thought - as was known
perpetually - to Mr Barrett. He trusted he had been
Mr Barrett, as Wednesday passed, became more
sorrowfully alarmed. was anyone, but, such was
contact between Wimpole Street Whitechapel,
not seriously alarmed Mr Browning spoke of
Fluke incautiously in the past time. & the whole
at as Mr Taylor called at Wimpole Street on
Wednesday afternoon. He told Henry that 'the Society
had the dog': they had tracked

they had
can up and
threw them off.
They punched
his ribs -

the mind was
becoming dazed.

& Fluke did
not come
was anyone,
but not his
anyone;
the

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were actively engaged. "I knew from the beginning where to apply, how to proceed." The Chesapeake Confederacy came to Wimpole Street on Wednesday afternoon; admitted that his menaces had tricked from Bond Street to Vere Street; & that his 'Society' had the dog. At half past seven a consultation was to be held in Whitechapel & the amount of the ransom decided. To Mrs Barrett waited, with confidence & some anger & annoyance. They might wait upon ten pounds - & she had used & all her money just now. Still, as they well knew, "I must have Flunk, you know - I can't run any risk, & bargain & haggle." There is - a dreadful trade in going on in this neighbourhood as a lady who did so ...

hundred pounds.
Thursday the 4th of September dawned in Whitechapel. ~~Down~~ The door opened & shut. Fates seemed at the window. A fine howler had been led away - where? Awful suspicions began to crowd through Flunk's mind. He began to tremble but he should be taken. Perhaps away would come the outside in that than in. Notice to the racket & the uproar, the smelt - and he had intended Eau de Cologne - the stuffing & when were just obliterated all coherent meaning. Almost in a dream he lay, chained to the leg, hearing confused sounds, seeing broken & fragmentary sights, gasping & snatching in his dream. Was that old Dr Miller's shouting & oaths, as his wife below he had lost his footing last? Was that Sherbrooke jumping with the baker? And that rustling - was that Miss Melford coming into the bedroom at Wimpole. It was her Jerusalem? It was only the wind battering at the brown paper in the window; it was only some drunken voice raving in the gutter.
Take in 45.

NYPL

that he still trusted, as a growing ^{man} trusts to one rail
that may be coming nearer & may be stationary, or may be
falling away, but still a rail it is, on the horizon to
Miss Barrett.

Miss Barrett was ~~being~~ lay in her sofa in Wimpole
Street, but she was no longer peaceful: she was harassed,
she was ~~permeated~~ ^{tormented}. She was in a rage. It was Thursday
now. Flinch was still missing. And she now
discovered that Taylor had come back after the conference
on Wednesday night. He had named her price —
six guineas, — half a guinea for himself. ^{Henry}
He had told Henry; & Henry had told Mr. Barrett
& Mr. Barrett had refused to refuse to pay; &
not to tell her father. He was only on Thursday morning
that Mr. Barrett discovered this treachery. The
war was very vexed & angry. The told Henry to go at once
& pay the money. Henry "talked & ^{paper} ^{leg}
upward. Taylor would come ^{back} & ^{take} ^{his}
because he said. Very well, said Miss Barrett.
"if people won't do as I choose I shall go down
tomorrow morning & myself, bring Flinch back
with me. All this time he is suffering
& I am suffering. It may be very foolish —
I do not say that not... But treachery &
deceit were not the only loss she had to
fight: ~~there was~~ ^{her} ^{brother}. There was
also Mr. Boyd — he sent word that to pay
the ransom would be 'as an awful sin'
& final, most formidable for a girl. There was
Robert Browning himself. He was furious — not
with Miss Barrett, with Mr. Taylor, with his
income, with the whole "glass" the man's
tyranny, injustice & the war. Had he not
Mr. Taylor he would have said "

3A 2.
315

513

520

the word more on all this I

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NYPL

111
72

[Faint handwritten notes at the bottom right]

help him up
 by the ear,
 remind!
 He understood
 enough to know
 that some person
 for cutting his
 hand off at once.
 He then casually
 seized a rusty
 knife.
 But they came to
 blows themselves.
 He shifted back.
 Yet perhaps
 tried to be
 better to be
 killed
 instantly.

The wound
 walk in
 small delicate
 shaking her
 curls
 deeply.
 And would say
 First.
 He is - feel a
 presence
 strong. Struggles
 to come to
 annihilate

Friday dawned in Whitechapel. By this time Fluke ^{concluded under} ~~was~~ ^{at}
 headed the stream the door opened. The Vathique
~~had him out from under the table,~~ & lifted him,
 roughly jerked him out from his corner, seemed to
 talk about him, - one had a knife - seemed to
 gape - about Jack the - such voice, like the growl &
 howl of wild beasts rather than men - Kicked him
 rent him back again. But Fluke had now clinched
 himself would be better to die in that corner. Beetha
 moved to crawl over him. He could see nothing
 but dragged skirt & bare black feet. He no longer
 attempted to show the old bones. Worse than
 all this was the overwhelming sense of desertion.
~~Nobody~~ cared for him, or they had left him to die
 there. Men Mr. Guss, Mr. Kenger, Mr. Jameson -
 Mr. Brownie - they had all forgotten him. But
 still in the quick panting, in the odd vision &
 with the pertinacity of some insensate instinct
 he kept one belief - that in Miss Barrett. Vast as
 the distance was between them, incredibly different
 as this room was from the her bedroom, still he
 felt that somehow, somehow he was here, the wound
 upon the self, the wound reach out, the wound
 annihilate, the wound triumph. The wound
 great vengeance. The wound - & then the ~~the door~~
 Her small delicate form would appear; he would
 look up & see the face that was so like his, with
 the large eyes & the curls & the wide mouth & the
 smile. But a vast stately woman would
 over him: he would dream that yet walk
 that crashed humbled & heard it only
 down on the table above his head.

father, brother,
friend, & lover.
Each in his turn
brought his own
reason to
bear upon him.

BB2
520

Indeed, Mr Barrett was sorely pressed. Everybody in Wimpole
street was against him - his father, his brother. Every argument
was brought to bear upon him. To yield to the
Dog Stealer was not merely a folly; it was a sin.
It was a sin against justice. It was the war playing into
the hands of tyranny: the he who hated tyranny. The
war cunning at blackmail. The war making it
more possible for blackmailers to drive innocent
people to insanity. The war encouraging the 'Society'
to steal the Dog, to demand more money from
people who had no money. The war impeding reform.
The who was ~~not~~ all for liberty was taking
sides with the oppressor: whereas the ~~was~~
~~flying in the face of~~ ~~the~~ ~~persecuting~~ If she persisted
in paying what Taylor asked, she was helping ~~the~~
on all that B. Robert Browning, ~~most detested~~ -
"the gearable policy of the world's husband, father,
brother, & dominion over in general: I am about to
marry you." ~~you~~ Had she not more reason than
most women to be on the side of freedom; to
withstand tyranny, to make a stand.
~~you, but Robert Browning forgot nothing.~~
Women have been say to yield. ~~Many~~ The war an
irrational. ~~Autism~~ was a lion was legend her all
Conventual bleed that it was her duty to submit.
These matters, she might have asked, are beyond my
comprehension. It is my duty as a woman, daughter, & a
wife, to submit. May ~~of~~ woman in 1846 would
have beat his head, ~~stuck~~ the point, when it came,
capturing her dog's head, ~~as~~ a proof of
her unselfish, dutiful character. Even Miss
Barrett might have yielded to the Union argument
of Robert Browning - to Currier at tyranny for one's
own justification is wrong. There would have been
delight & pleasure in proving that she was as
strong minded, as unshaken a lover of liberty as
the war. There was every motive to yield - to
agree. And yet ~~there~~ there was an argument

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reason that ~~weighed with~~ ~~Mr~~ ~~Barnett~~ ~~heard~~ ~~any~~ ~~of~~ ~~them~~.
 There is a difference. If Taylor had the had been injured
 broken - if Taylor had struck her in the head, if ~~some~~ ~~blackmail~~ had Gregory had defamed her
 Character. not a single thing would either of them draw
 from her. "But Fluk, poor Fluk, Fluk who has
 loved me so faithfully; have I a right to
 sacrifice him in her insolence, for the sake of my
 Mr Taylor's fault in his word?" She had no
 doubt what was right. Her mind was made up.
 She had one of those minds that harden & clarify
 themselves out of all hesitation directly the need for
 action touches upon them. She would take the
 law into her own hands if - a day was
 howling in the news. "A think of Fluk he seemed to
 say. It was absurd perhaps. But she could
 hardly look her dinner when they brought
 " - the thought of Fluk's golden eyes is too strong in
 me." As the hour of Friday passed. Fluk
 did not come, as she feared the fact that Fluk
 very likely, would be murdered if ~~she~~ ~~delays~~
~~was~~ ~~touching~~, the decided. They dallied as noon,
 the decided.

Saturday. It was now Saturday the fifth of
 September. The second ~~sent for~~ ~~Wilson~~
 announced that the was going early to his Taylor
 Her brother Henry told her that the might be
 robbed, murdered. The two Wilson to fetch a
 cab. The two drove to go to Taylor
 home. They drove off. When they got into
 obscure streets. The cabman stopped at a public
 house. To ask his way. As they were
 already within the area ruled over by the
 Society for two men or three men came out of his
 hut in house, & said "Oh, you want to find
 Mr Taylor, I can say! Though his name had not
 been mentioned.

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He did not let them out of his eye.
a few minutes
drive from
Windsor H.

All that lay on the other side of the boundary -
He impressed her profoundly. This was the life what lay on
the other side of the boundary. These faces, these voices,
Here was a life she had never seen: here were
in these dense women like herself lived. Her imagination
was fired as it had never been fired by the "divine
marble perennials" in her bedroom. The new faces
as they pressed round the cab fired her imagination
a ~~new~~ not fired by the ~~divine~~ contrasted violently
with the "divine marble perennials" of her
bedroom. Compare her bedroom with the bedrooms in
these young dens. How did they live, what did they do,
how did they talk - They fired her imagination
strangely. While she lay in the sofa among the
among wash-washing stands that were designed as
booth cases, women, no older than she was, lay in
dens like these - bore children to men like these - This
And yet only a few streets separated them. The
cab turned, & it was won in the rolling down

how they
reminded her
imagination - how
they made her think
of things in a new
scene, the new
the head was
hard in
in spirit H.

the familiar avenues of poor storied houses.
But they looked no longer so secure. As they approached
number fifty the curtain was drawn again between
her home. Mr. & Taggart's home. When she got out
at number fifty the screen was again imperious.
And yet, while she & the cab, surrounded
by men, boys, who she had seen, though broken
windows, up alleys, into rooms by the
faces that pressed so close to her. Wilson or
right that branded itself upon her eye balls
the desire to return to her late in the dense
brilliant sunshine of Italy.

And yet when she got out of the cab, safe, at the
door of number fifty, she still saw the faces & the men:
that the light was to return to her late, green late, in
sunny balcony in Italy.

NYPL

2

in help only
 to the
 thinnest
 filament.
 all this
 hope were
 broken. His
 words of
 truth & kindness
 had passed
 new beyond his
 pen.

Saturday afternoon hauled in Whitechapel. No one came.
 Almost exhausted, almost hopeless. Flash lay panting in
 his dark corner. He was forgotten, deserted, betrayed.
 The two clammed, bayed. Flash hauled legs & hoofs
 & duly but stamped the floor at the noise. Parrot
 screamed. If Miss Barrett too had deserted him - if she
 had cut the cord between them - then he sank, into this
 thin hot, filthy morass. ~~Again he was hauled out.~~
~~Again he was~~ A Then he was hauled out. The
 rope was untied. He was called, then set -
 that, given a bone to gnaw; had the bucket of yellow
 water poured to his nose. And then, suddenly, he
 with the usual oath & curse, cracking round him, like
 a rough breaking in a forest. Like the hood of
 wild beast, he was again fettered; he was
 again condemned, to weeds, to hard planks, to
 another lifetime of torture, & insanity & slow
 dark mouldering decay.

For still Miss Barrett could the force of
 Wrentham Street fought against Miss Barrett -
 still she was hallooed, taunted, deceived.
 She had returned from Thorditch, soon after her
 return from Thorditch. Mr Taylor himself called in
 Wrentham Street. He demanded six pence: to be
 if they were paid there & then, the dog would be
 released. Miss Barrett sent down the money.
 "There seemed no other way for it." But while
 she was at that moment her brother Alfred
 came in: he met Mr. Taylor in the passage.
 He called him "a swindler & a liar & a thief."
 Mr. Taylor at once retorted, whereupon Mr.
 Taylor bent his into oaths, & swearing - that
 "as he looked to be saved, he should never see our
 dog again" he rushed out of the house.
 The noise seem to have reached Miss Barrett.
 She followed, as she said "a great storm". Anger &
 with her brother, terror for Flash, swept
 through her. She threw on her clothes, & went
 announced that there, then she was going back
 to Thorditch, slowly, to find Mr Taylor. Her only

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It was pouring late. Dark was falling. The brother -
 sister clustered round her. They they about
 Elizabeth 'was crying out against me for being 'just mad'
 & obstinate, & selfish - I was called as many
 names as Mr. Taylor! At last, seeing that she was
 determined, I promised that, if she would go down
 back to her room, he would go himself to Taylor,
 & give him the money, & induce him to fetch the
 dog.

So, in the dark of that Saturday September the 7th,
 - & ~~two of the dark in~~ I wanted a dark far
 deeper in Whitechapel than in Whitechapel Street - the
 door of the room was more more kicked open. The
 heavy man more pulled flush at his corner
 Was he to be killed unblushingly? Was the flush at
 last to visit his throat? Flush was so, looking into
 that awful face, Flush still believed that even now,
 at the very last moment, Men Barrett himself
 the reluctant, the timid, the gentle, the ~~timid~~ might
 would somehow prevail. He was right.
 "Flush arrived here at eight o'clock (at the very
 moment with you letter, dearest!), & the first
 thing he did was to dash up to this door, & then
 to drink his purple cup full of wine, filled
 three times over." Now he was lying on the sofa
 one man. They were together again.

Yet there were strange symptoms, as Men Barrett
 noticed. He was not so sanguine about seeing her as
 the expected: he was bewildered & frightened.
~~Voices, however, were the most not~~ As he lay, in a corner
 one man, he still saw the ~~away the~~ ~~the~~
 surrounded again by the red god - the
 his murmur with care, in the room ~~space~~ with ~~very~~
 all these the presence seemed to have lost it
 substance. Seemed to be, in a word, but only
 a corner: or else, he asked over by one dark leaf,
 in a forest where lions proud & venomous
 gnaw: where the fah: where the ~~beheading~~
 he coughs a savage, or torturer: while he

there was a
 power in Men Barrett
 was forced
 to strength
 that was
 that was
 prevail over
 the
 murderer.

NYPL

He wd wake up
hearing the
parrot say.

the frail
covering of his
wound -

remember that,
other things
that then.

He was
hard on a
Noble
person - of
honour
fear.

Lay there in agony, deep like limbs were cut to the bone
were tethered. The idolatry of the parrot, day when Cass.
But the next whenever the door opened, he ~~still~~ speaks
the back trap trembled: he expected a man with a knife.
The Mr. Kenyon came; then Nutford came -
but they were no longer, faintly & dependably
they had deserted him. Their benevolence - their hate -
Cassius were as large as the old metal - but their
Cassius rang hollow; their friendship was brittle.
Mason Haffley, the doctor even walking to the kitchen
with Wilson. Wilson the old nurse crooked close to him. He
lurched upon his chain.

Haffley for Paul before he had been there was
Paul, during his absence, something had happened -
what he could not say. There was a lack of
solidity in this world. There was, he perceived,
an a new element; something vibrating in the air of the
room: something so maddening Mrs. Barrett, loyal to the
heart as she was, somehow nervously quivering; highly
nervous; agitated; A paul came. It contained
thick boots. The showed them away nervously.
Another paul. More clothes. Cyan, then was hidden.
No longer. There was hurry, secrecy. Henry, advancing
charge in the air. ~~here~~ were they flying - flying
The air seemed full of conspiracy, & secrecy? - were
were they flying from the hairy ruffians? He became
they that. Mrs. Barrett & Wilson? He became
Cass. Once more the feeling flying. They were, he felt
permeated, all in league together against some
terror; ~~was it the~~ when the ~~at~~ the drawn
were checked to up pauls. One a travelling
bag was put out. Mrs. Barrett, when she was
alone, arranged things in her drawer. The
tied up letters. She went from drawer to
drawer. A carpet bag was brought down.
Wilson lay the same more hurry. ~~secret movements were~~
he made the same quick furtive movements.

On Saturday September 12th Mrs. Barrett &
Wilson left the house soon after ten o'clock in
the morning. Flue was left by himself. They were
absent for some time. After a long interval,

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Mrs Barrett returned. There was a look on her face he had never seen before - she was ~~was~~ ^{was} something, she was voluminous, she went like a ship's weather, straight past him; she held up her left hand: she showed off a new gold ring - a new ring. She hid it, deep, the land shrank at once upon her side. The second colour lay, white as still, almost translucent. Next day everything that had happened now seemed changed under an extreme brightness. He noticed even the lights & shadows as he had never noticed them - as if the passages of the broadened blood were a signal: as if the lights & shadows on his heart as of the best themselves smiled forward: as if there were visible presence lurking laughing, malicious, helpful, benign: as if he - Mrs Barrett were the centre of a private world: were banded together: were conspirators. For the when, as usual, the church bells rang out a Sunday, someone said in their secret room, Henry in 'out, what people said, making making the most cruel mischief: saying remembrance "What bells are those?" Had a ruler a Sunday morning when the church bells rang. Mrs Harcourt said "Many whose church bells" - or Mrs Barrett turned white.

at last - on Friday night - Flunk all Hunt Flunk
all Hunt ~~was~~ ranked into one undeniable cut-throat.
Two boys, one belonging to Widow, one to Miss
Barnett left the house, with a Saturday morning

NYPL

21st Sept

VI.

When Flunk was at last released — ~~from the darkness & the rattling, after the shaking ceased & the strange quivering noise —~~ (it was the barbarous custom of the railway companies to then to make dogs travel ⁱⁿ boxes) he was too dazed at first to notice anything. Then he saw the most extraordinary sight conceivable — Miss Barrett ^{was} perched on a rock, in the middle of a rushing river. Water rushed round her. The must be in peril. Trees waved round her. The must be in peril. With one bound Flunk sprang into the water & reached her. "... he is baptised in Petrarch's name" said Miss Barrett; as he shook the sacred drops from his coat. For they were at Vaucluse, in the south of France, where Petrarch wooed Laura.

Then he was again shut in a box; & when he was again freed he found himself in a room as unlike the back bedroom at Wimpole Street as the rushing water of the Rhone were unlike the lake in Regent's Park. It was very large & very bare. His hands touched upon reddish thing tiles. There was no carpet & no fire place; there were no books & no vents. The foot smells that met his nostrils were pungent & unfamiliar. The light was indescribably sharp & clear. When Wilson took him out, he found himself almost blinded by the sun then by the shadow. The half of the street is this wandering narrow winding alley covered up with carts could be called a street — was blazing hot; the other bitterly cold. Although it was November the pavement was dry as bone; there were no heaps of mud at the street corners; nor were standing huddles: to his his leather went & need not although now November there was neither mud nor puddle to clot his leather. Ladies went wrapped

IV

NYPL

an angry 20
unhappily met
in great
fury

longy humbly
in the back
a jargon
clamour
by day
eyes.
when

Each 9

of ladies they were - went wrapped in fur yet carried parasols.
There were no areas, no pillar boxes, no railing.
There odours of beef, mutton, & fish party did not
rise headily from basements; there was none of that
rich confusion of smells that made a walk down
Wimborne Street or Oxford Street so distracting. On
the other hand Fluck had never smelt anything so
pungent, so sour, so sharp savoured as the smells
that came from the dry ^{yellow} walls; as the ardently
sweet scent that wafted / ^{stayed} / sent from behind a
swinging leather curtain. That he tried to press in, though
behind the curtain, into a shadowy, immense room;
behind: but Wilson sharply pulled him back. &

~~The faces in the street were high & stern. They~~
Everybody seemed to be shouting at the tops of their
voices. Instead of the solid, resolute hum of
London there was a rattling, a crying, a jingling, a thudding,
a laughing & a cursing. Wheels ground upon the
hard stone pavements, and bells rang perpetually,
day & day out in perpetual action day & night;
~~whereas in London~~ ^{whereas in London} Maypole Lane Church only
told the hour, or for a moment, or for a toll at
stated hours & with reason.

From Fluck became aware of the more profound
differences that separate London from Pisa. In
London one can scarcely get round to the pillar box
& without meeting some pug dog, retriever, Bull Dog
mastiff, collie, Pekingese, Bedlington, Fox terrier,
or one of the seven famous Spanish families of
Spaniel, ^{whereas} Fluck saw, from ^{the} each of the
recesses, ^{what} ^{to} whatever degree of deference in
their breeding & station required. But here in
Pisa the instincts of Pind though dogs abounded
there appeared - incredible though it seemed - to be no
breeds of dog whatever. They were simply yellow
dogs, grey dogs, brindled dogs, small dogs,
large dogs. Their points were indistinguishably
mixed. One ~~was~~ ^{was} Spaniel can were attached to
collies tails. A mastiff - could it be possible? The
had ~~see~~ ^{see} red with a retriever. But so for the
most part they had no points whatsoever. They

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one could only say of them that they were dogs. One could
 only say of them, Flush concluded in a day or two. That
 they were such curs as one may see running loose
 in the very lowest quarters of London seven dead -
 wild dogs, mongrels, dogs without collar, or jar, or
 footmen: fast dogs that are allowed to run loose
 picking up a living in the gutter without a chain.
 He had the Beano Club no jurisdiction in Italy?
 Was the Spaniel Club unknown? Was there no
 law which decreed death to the topknot & the
 light nose? That protected in all its sanctity the
 curled ear, the leathered foot, & the head which is
 domed but not hoisted? Flush felt himself in
 alone, a prima in cycle. It was the sole aristocrat
 among a crowd of Canaille who neither
 recognized his rank nor respected it.

The ~~man~~ consciousness of his high birth which had been
 suppressed in London among his equals & superiors
 now returned to him with all its effects. He became
 overbearing & impatient. "Flush has grown an
 absolute monarch & barks one distracted when he
 wants a door opened" Mrs. Browning wrote. (Flush
 did not consent to take her by her married name
 for some time longer; but ~~now~~ we follow convention)
 "Robert declares that the said Flush considers him,
 my husband, to be created for the of special purpose
 of doing him service, & really of work rather like it" -
~~He is not the sentimental person~~ ~~the new Mrs. Browning~~
~~the new tone of this remark~~ ~~her then there is a~~
~~tone in that remark which hints at the which shows~~
~~the wrote is enough to indicate how greatly~~
~~the rubbly Mrs. Browning's attitude to Flush~~
~~was changing, now that they had both reached~~
~~the perils of Wimpish Street. Both were~~
~~now free to take their own way unhindered. He had~~
~~gained freedom & a husband. The drunk~~
~~Chianti by the tumbler, & broke fresh oranges~~
~~from the trough. Her nature rushed out to~~
~~embrace the freedom which she had only had~~

When he
 considered
 himself
 unique.

Mr B.
 Wm.

1.324.

the

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that one glum from the cab in front of Mr. Manning's
 house in Manning Street Thorditch wherever it was.
 But here in Italy freedom was not voided & ~~that~~
~~the common people could be free without there was no~~
 voided. Even in the midst of poverty. "You never
 see drunkenness nor brutality in any form in the
 glances of these Tuscans. You never see fighting with
 fists, nor hear blasphemous language ... Our
 poor English want educating in the glances. They
 want refusing not in the fire but in the
 sunshine" Everything the saw ~~and~~ ^{did} ~~renewed~~
 of the Italian delighted & amazed him. "You never see

Letter 1-
 S.
 45

The poor
 were happy
 in

The Italian The
 to compare the Italian poor with the English - again
 the must have seen 'the face of these men' in Manning
 Street Thorditch or wherever it was. & ~~good~~
 the rich & the noble were infinitely more glacial
 civilized, human than the English upper classes.
 young & pretty women walked in the streets without
 chaperones. The head of "ancient countesses &
 their daughters, who make their own beds & empty
 the "Nobs" & then go to Court in a blaze of
 undeniable glory." The cheapness of Italy also was
 extraordinary. In short the New Kingdom had
 thrown overboard all the conventions & privileges of
 her class, directly she crossed the channel; &
 she was always comparing how James Joyce
 Spencer, conventional England with this ~~free~~
 hot, simple, gayful land. ~~She~~ ^{He} ~~Flunk~~ ^{Wilson} ~~at first~~
 could not follow her. He clung to Wilson ^{Wilson}
 retained for some time at least retained a memory
 sense of decency, of rank, of bubble, areas,
 decency, rank. The went to a picture gallery
 but walked out at once "struck back by the indecency
 of the Venus." Then, still, even when they had
 moved on to Florence, & she was allowed,
 owing to the kindness of a friend to peep at the
 splendour of the Italian court through a door

69

Gave up all
 that he had
 been taught
 in society.

11
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Nobly & loyally
 the maintained the glory of St James: the said "it was
 all very shabby in comparison with our English Court".
 But even as she gazed the superb figure of one of the
 Grand Duke's body guard caught her eye. Her
 fancy was fired: her judgment reeled. She fell passionately
 And if Wilson could love a foreigner - ^{in love with} ~~if~~ ^{Desire Ricci.}
 & Miss Barrett ~~was never~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~thick boots.~~
 Clambered up mountains; if Mr Browning
 were always there - if there was not a single dog of
 bust in the whole of Italy - if all the laws of
 Regent's Park. The Kennel Club of the Spaniel Club
 were non-existent, then it was no good standing in line
 against the current: there was no good talking of Mr.
 Percy the elder brother of Dr Percy the clergyman: yet
 his sixteen points - as well might an Austrian
 attempt to display his sixteen quarterns to a
 tub of Russian Commanants.
 all that he had learnt in Wimpole Street seemed in a
 moment to fall from him. And when Miss
 Barrett spoke, as she did speak of "my husband"
 when she looked at him, Mr Browning as she looked
 at him, when the old compact was of his
 when ~~Miss Barrett~~ ^{she} pulled on thick boots &
 scrambled about on rocks, so that the tie
 which his ~~is that she no longer~~ ^{was} ~~tied to him~~ ^{no longer} so that she
 & his fur, & his bright eyes, his shaggy face, for balance, for
 but found her god of God for heavily, out of doors,
 among the vines & olives, then thick was
 for gradually, felt first in Pisa, as the Italian
 winter changed to an Italian spring, in London &
 felt well up in him what, all these years, in London &
 a rope, or a chain, he had forgot down,
 influence, conquered, he became a dog.
 But, although in the earlier ages ~~there may have been~~
 ana, in prime ~~earlier ages~~ ^{there may have been}
 have been, & even now in prime ~~there may have been~~
 there may ~~have been~~ ^{the dog} ~~there may have been~~
 animals who can be called dog, or man,
 flesh, such unblightly can no longer has, in
 among ~~Spain~~ ^{Spain} long been lost in ~~Civilized~~ ^{Civilized} countries:

There may
have been,

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we have only to
imagine the
behaviour of

succumbed to the
influence of the
man

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F. Latio
Volcombrona

as his
cavalier

Flash was a Latin. His ancestor had been bred on the hot
lands of Spain. He had latent in him the Latin
viracity, the Latin sensibility, the Latin amorosity.
~~He differed in every~~ He had none of the morose
reserve, of the British phlegm of the bull dog, the
martell of the ship dog. ~~He~~ He was Mr Browlie
man like, Morda. Camp In Waller Scott. Herries
~~to~~ ~~had~~ ~~in~~ ~~his~~ ~~own~~ ~~words~~, even when referred
to the sun of Italy & the stimulation, have
preserved their ~~robustly~~ ~~robustly~~ & their the stateliness &
robustly of their kind. But Flash ~~succumbed~~
with like Mr Browlie, like Nelson himself. Before they
had been long in Pisa, (Mr Browlie noted
that "Flash highly approves of Pisa (as the wanted
Cherbourg), because here he goes out every day
& speaks Italian to the little dogs." Then
after they had moved to Florence. He noted
"Flash likes civilized life, & the society of little
dogs with turned up tails, such as Florence
abounds with") Flash was mixing
familiarily with the dogs of the street. &
that first he was rather overhearing
the romances alluded to the flower of Vimpoli
that, or, boasted that the Elder brother of
Mr Percival had offered fifteen guineas for him,
he was ~~laughed out of his countenance~~
mobbery. ~~by the blackness with which such~~
~~the~~ ~~word~~ ~~was~~ ~~used~~ ~~by~~ ~~him~~ ~~had~~ ~~now~~ ~~heard~~ ~~of~~
and one by one his old fellows dropped off him.
He no longer prided himself, secretly, upon
the fact that Mr Percival had offered fifteen guineas
for him. The ~~insane~~ mobbery which Mr Willford
declared innate in all dogs, so that they attack
themselves to the last. He concurred with
the little dog of Pisa. He ~~did~~ ~~as~~ ~~they~~ ~~did~~.
He chose ~~per~~ or almost the least. Mr B.
arrested, than language - that he he shorted
familiar with them, but kept, unlike them

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what it brought her. Fluch too, each was bound on a
 voyage of discovery. The laws of the Kennel Club have no
 authority in Italy - ~~dogs are not~~ a dog is a dog:
 one may marry whom one likes - points are not
 light top knots are not necessarily fatal - Fluch
 even before they had left Pisa had absorbed that
 experience & acted upon it - "... he goes out
 every day & shakes Italian to the little dogs" Mr
 Browning noted. Now in Florence, a great though
 Florence was a city of size & its celebrity, with a
 Grand Duke & a Court, still chains were not needed -
 He ran leapt free in the Casine gardens, where the
 "gran brava" like emerald & the pheasants all
 alive & flying. Apparently, incredible though this
 seemed, the pheasants were free too. ~~And~~
~~Fluch could not but be thinking him as the spring,~~
 spring through the Casine gardens that spring,
 without a chain, among over gran "like emerald,
 & the pheasants all alive & flying". Fluch
 could not help remembering Regents Park & its
 placards & its park keepers; he could not help
 be thinking him that other walk when he
 when Barrett had laughed at him & he had
 wounded off, ~~in barbed~~ to hurt her, & had
 hurt himself; - Now he leapt & tore, &
 but without that iron of ~~but he was free now~~
 not merely from his lead, but from that other
 chain he had worn, the chain of jealousy, &
 bitterness. Now he no longer ~~stared~~ at Miss
 Barrett's feet & loathed men the man
 with the yellow gloves. He thoroughly liked &
 relished Mr. Browning. They had much in common.
 He liked going for walks with Mr. Browning
 they went out daily together & of Mr. Browning
 was late, Fluch "It and up before him &
 banks in the most imperious manner
 possible" Mr. Browning wrote with some
 irritation. And. But what did it matter? -

Reading & c
pheasants

had cranked
his paw

NYPL

Handwritten notes in the top right margin, including the word "Pleasant".

Handwritten notes in the middle right margin, including the words "his friends" and "the house".

1

Main body of the page containing several paragraphs of extremely faint, illegible handwriting.

The added
there were no
fashions in
Florence.

Down 'back
alley

the longer
for the
pursuits

He depended no longer upon any other person. The Spring was
come. The wistaria, the Judas tree, the wild tulips, the
laburnum, were all flowering once more in garden;
the wild hollies were in the fields; the foxgloves in the
kiss trees. Fluk was no longer the slave of the
times & people. He ran off by himself, alone. " . . .
he goes out by himself, & stays hours together " wrote
Mrs Browning " — Knows every street in Florence —
will have his own way in every thing. I am
never frightened at his absence. " Fear, that had
brooded over them both, was now gone. ~~What was~~
vanished. Fluk had no fear. There were no dog
heads in Florence. ^{because there was no kennel club.} ~~perhaps.~~ ^{perhaps were} ~~But there was other danger~~
of course — for Fluk was no lover of natural slavery.
When he doubted whether he distinguished the Judas
tree from the laburnum; or the tulips from the rose. ~~But~~
It was not to stare at pictures & statues, to look up at
him forever, to that he scampered off, alone, to
run about the streets of Florence. ~~Love was there — at~~
~~last — It was to discover~~ ~~what he had never~~
~~known since the old days at Three Mile Cross —~~
~~in search of someone — to love~~ ~~It was to discover~~
something, it was in search of some one — &
always apprehended, some thing hidden all their
year, someone denied him — the ~~little~~ ^{little} Partidge's
one, year ago, he had loved his Partidge's day.
He had borne him a child. But that half
century immature passion was nothing to the
the passion which, long frustrated, seized him now, in
full maturity, in Italy, to find the substantial
fulfilment. whatever it love is called, whatever
love gives: the when this snatched down
back alleys with stolen panics: snatched &
enjoyed & forgotten. for the tie was not, to him,
lasting: it brought no pain & care in its wake:
~~it was~~ no establishment; no responsibility:
it was as free from as a bird king of an a
flower: today the flower is a rose — tomorrow a
lily: now the wild thistle; now the

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was heard

a few old
cham

was no longer
curled

Scented a potent odor; but ^{very} this freedom - all
bonds of class were un-removed - was not the less
urgent for its wildness; nor a slave without shame;
& if Mr Browning laughed when Flush came home -
he is a most despicable dog, he said - still it was
tolerant sympathetic laughter; & Mrs. Browning
merely shook her curls at him as he trotted into her
drawing room, "Grown more lusty, more
vigorous than ever." So he stretched
himself out, at ease, relaxed, in an luxurious
any longer; not away back, in a slumped
back case. All those drabbed ^{old} - the
faded & dreaming clouded days - had vanished.
Now the bed was a bed; the washstand was a
washstand. The room was bare & cool -
sprinkled with only a very few ^{inlaid} Cupboard & a
chest of drawers. Over the fire hung a mirror, with
two cups to hold the light. As often as not,
Mr Browning dined in the thimble of white
marble was pining her balcony. In the cool of
the evening ^{try} was taken to mitigate the
rigor of the brilliant Italian sun.
She wore a cap of the clear bright colour that her
husband liked. Her hair was no longer straight.
~~She wore the thimble of white marble, & instead~~
of when the sun had gone down, she faced the
balcony, dined in the thimble of white marble.
But her voyage of discovery was leading her to
land where Flush could not follow her - where, indeed,
their ways parted, sharply enough. They had
not been long in Florence before ^{Mr}
Browning there was a great to do one night
under the window. A vast crowd of people, carrying banners;
paved, shouting & singing; everybody rushed
to their windows; flowers & laurel leaves were
scattered down; brave men kneeled each
other; women lifted their babies high in their arms;
banners & then for the given as they marched besides

NYPL

Letter of Mr
B. (K)

1. 346

2. I say, no
doubt some a
wonder when
Browning was
more than
usually
absorbed
in his
visions,
he
slipped off.

2 - an
emotion that
must have seemed
to her singularly
inappropriate,
for not merely
was this the
occasion of the
birth of Italian
liberty - it
was the
first
anniversary
of the
wedding
day

Barnes described "Liberty", the 'Union of Italy',
the 'memory of the martyrs' 'Viva Pio Nono', 'Viva
Leopoldo Secondo' - and for three & a half hours
Mr. & Mrs. Browning sat at the window, waving
handkerchiefs, until Mr. Browning was asked -
what on earth was it all about, & then asked himself
what did it mean? What was the exaltation, the
exclamation. The enthusiasm of Mr. Browning,
waving & waving for three & a half hours, perplexed &
disturbed him. Somehow he disliked, he distrusted
the whole exhibition. So though he sat with him,
& with "his two front paces over the window till
with his ears hanging down" he ~~stayed~~ ^{waited} for some time but
he "confused at last that he thought they were
rather long about it": & ~~made off~~. ^{He} ~~little~~
He ran off. What are Grand Dukes, a thin
promises, what are Liberty & the Union of Italy &
the memory of the martyrs - what are all
Grand abstractions & ~~poetical~~ ^{poetical} ~~visions~~ ^{visions} & aspirations & cries & vows worth, he
asked himself, compared with one shotted Spanish
in the alley on the left? He stayed not all
night as ~~that~~ ^{the} ~~pleasure~~ ^{pleasure} ~~came~~ ^{came} back at nine
the next morning. He had ~~amused~~ ^{amused} been "very
much amused", Mrs. Browning suspected. [She
regrets that would be to paragonate & estimate
tickets somehow tickled his sense of humour.]
The cleavage between them was ^{well} marked. Regrets
that would be to paragonate & estimate,
merely tickled his sense of humour. ^{He}
had no particular belief in Grand Dukes &
their promises. & ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~being in pursuit of~~
what is more while she was ~~sublimely~~
tired, sustained & ~~pleasure~~ ^{pleasure} ~~valuation~~ ^{valuation} in the
transfery ~~through~~ ^{through} ~~thousand~~ ^{thousand} people, &
the promise of Grand Dukes, he, in the other
land dreamed all that as clamour; & turned

NYPL

with an ardour excited no doubt by the contrast to the actual
the substantial, to what the joys the moment - to the
little dog at the door.

But before either of them had time to develop
lines of thought which that such differences are
wrought, that the development of them & lead, if
developed, to views of life, to philosophical systems
of such as opposites can be - wholly opposed to each
other - is cannot be denied. Mr Browning was becoming
daily more & more political & more & more theoretical.

unduly

The balance that good is to achieved by
changing laws. Flaubert that good is to be achieved by loving
Spain. But the development of these theories was
was for both of them ~~radically~~ ^{radically} & completely interrupted:
more violently for Mr Browning than for Flaubert
indeed; but in a manner as if in a manner
to give Flaubert & if Mr Browning philosophically
received the greatest shock Flaubert too must have
a lesson, Flaubert could not help thinking, as his
own life had been too interrupted when the
rough hand of Mr Taylor's men had snatched
him from under the carriage in Rue Street
& tumbled him head over heels into a sack. The ~~men~~ ^{men} were
During the early spring of 1849 Mr Browning took to his
her needle. Flaubert, who had been used to see her almost
totally occupied with a black stock which she passed
across a white shirt, powdered. Again, ~~with~~ ^{with} that
somehow, his suspicions were aroused. But naturally
aware of change, he noticed the slightest signs -
as he moved, a drawer opened, & a different
arrangement of ~~bed~~ ^{bed} furniture - all pointed to
something about to happen. He read signs of strain -
his anxiety such as precedes - what? - when the calm of
Wilson & Mr Browning. ~~Coming home from his~~
~~own adventures in the streets~~ ^{he} He could no longer
enjoy his own adventures in the streets which heatedly -
he lacked his train to conceive what change intended.
A journey? a flight? running away from the
Casa grande? But there was nothing to escape from.

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And the dogs as far as he could lead them did not lightly
Nights, escape; they resisted, much more mysteriously,
something incredible, unavoidable: the desire of some
blow; the acceptance; the air Mr. Browning, meeting
meeting Tasha in the street, had been violently
struck by him; & summing his courage to meet that
torrent of blows, - alone, unaided, ...
Certainly she was not going to run away. The
light as slowly to the house as she used to do in
Wimborne Street. Mr Browning did not leave the house
either. It was an odd event altogether -
People tramped about upstairs in the bedroom.
Then slowly Flank felt ~~with~~ that that something
much more mysterious & awful was
happening than anything he had ever known:
blow, fight, fight. The fight in the struggle;
they were the taking place undoubtedly; but
without help from Wilson or Mr Browning. Flank had
the day more in the air a growing, overmastering sense
of something, being added. ~~Coming then~~ something
mysteriously thinking itself into the house. He
altering everybody; as so that Mr Browning was
no longer Mr Browning; no longer his chair;
yet ~~this was not~~ he was Flank Flank: but
for some became something - upstairs in the room
where Mr Browning was alone - out of that
consciousness that he was no longer alone: but
had given out from himself quite independently of
them as what they could not evade, or resist, but had to
accept. ~~Now~~ ~~Mr~~ Now Flank was alone
that he just as he had known, after a broken door bell,
that Mr Browning was coming upstairs. No new or
new he knew, that though the door was
shut & nobody had come in, or gone out, or
though up to Mr Browning's room. There was yet
something there now: another person.
Now ~~before~~ ~~it~~ expanding - how mysterious - how
terrible & unavoidable & without any escape now!
that when he was taken upstairs, & now the new
the actual body, lying there in the bed, he saw way to
the old fury of history. He

NYPL

2 Squeals
were swallowed
up in eyes

Something had thrust itself in the hunched under the sofa.
When later they took him into the bed room
& showed him what had come into the house - the
republican table object that wanted its arms & legs in
Mr. Browning's hollow - the sense of mystery & awe
vanished. For he was consumed and more
by the old frenzy of jealousy. Just as he had begun
to run free among the pheasants & the glittering
pens the chain was jerked & threw him back on to
his haunches. He roused the spirit of Florence,
as before, he indulged in the wildest amours,
but "for a whole fortnight he fell into deep
melancholy & was proof against all attentions
lavished on him" Mr. Browning wrote. And
~~and observing for the difference in chronology,~~
~~considering that of the fortnight, as~~
~~we must - if we take human minutes &~~
~~hours & drop them into a dog's mind -~~
~~& see how they swell into the months, swell into~~
~~hours, & the hours into days. & that once~~
~~fortnight spread into six long months - then~~
~~we shall not be exaggerating if we affirm that~~
~~Flunk's deep melancholy lasted six full~~
~~months. Many men & women have forgotten their~~
~~loves in less time.~~

human
be such.

Such depth of feeling may be taken to prove
that however Flunk might differ from Mr.
Browning politically, his & might, in his
freedom, & much come to different differ,
in which for instance, from Mr. Browning, still
the old tie between them held, & united them
drew him them together, across wide though the
division might seem. After a time
Mr. Browning observed that Flunk "condescends to
patronize the cradle". Then some few
months later she records the curious fact

NYPM

6

8

K.

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when they are
just: had
his better
to

that
man was
fine;

hard
drily upon
solid
penetration

the baby 'on the whole' prefers Flut. "He pulls his
ear & rides on him, & Flut. though his dignity does
not approve a being used as a pony, only protests
by turning his head round to kiss the little
bare dimpled feet"

X
After all, the union of Wendell & Flut, the union of the
state cakes; & how in the end his better, to eat
them, & to now come to love, not to bite,
had ~~been~~ ^{not} been ~~learned~~ ^{learned} in vain: had not been 'harm' in
vain. Flut moreover, was for all his ventrality,
his Latin facility, his emotional quickness, his
Daniel responsiveness was not without the
that sediment of sobriety & caution & control
which, in the old days, had made ~~at~~ the elder
~~attracted~~ the inspired, the elder brother of Dr. Parley to
with the wish to punish him. 'Idiotically',
"For wisdom, he gets wiser, wiser" Mr. Browning
wrote: & of ~~this~~ of all this no better
proof ~~gave~~ ^{that} that he was slow pendancy -
considering day in ~~when~~ ^{when} redent back-up &
his rays were infusional - ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ whom who had
the power to recollect ~~smoke~~ ⁱⁿ to ~~aggressively~~ ^{aggressively}
transmute him to ~~some~~ ^{substantial} wisdom
into substance, so that his character thickened
& enlarged & became solid as ~~firm~~ ^{firm} went on
there can be no better proof than the fact that
in ~~these~~ ^{the} July of that year, the baby 'on the
whole' 'prefers Flut': ~~as~~ ^{now}, so well had
Flut's philosophy marked his private passions
that he actually allowed the baby to take
whenever with him. [He pulls his ear,

affairs,
In so doing Flut was ~~the~~ ^{the} Flut was
in this, Flut was but putting into practice the
Mrs. B. The voyage of discovery was bearing
fruit. Mr. Browning might go on it and on

NYPL

is to be long
 & nothing
 matters
 in the world
 to light
 the world
 hand;
 this
 we

window & clapping the Grand Duke. The next - indeed the
 did - spend more & more time & thought & in the arm when
 banners & reports & what Grand Duke promised &
 the Ushans' hoped - But remained indubitably of
 them that Grand Dukes are not much better
 neglectful, butcher, ephemeral; what matters is the
 whole hand, the happy happiness of a baby; &
 the ripe grapes; & then, since no dog of mine
 the absurdity this misperception would into a paradise -
 with loving a hand, blessing a baby, & eating a
 ripe bunch of grapes.

"For wisdom he gets wiser & wiser" Mr. Browning testified.
 He - But the present easy wisdom which it is so rarely &
~~obviously~~ like when the world, when the rotundity
 of those who have made things easily, with
~~wisdom~~ with ~~much~~ forms with life, occupying
 here a chair in a club window, here a
 seat, protected by a screen of glass from the chauffeur
 in the back of a Rolls Royce - from which
 points of vantage they look out with superficial
 benignity upon the machine packed with
 clerks, upon the horing, manuring, the & the fields,
 the carpet shaking, water fetching, the sheet washing
 & the cottages, ~~protected~~ from participation,
 glowing under the shade like tomatoes under
 glass, then only fear that they may grow too
 redly, & so burst; but even that fear is
 removed by the far from them, because ~~scena~~ is
 their mission, & death of death must come
 will break them one summer evening close to the
~~the~~ like rope fruit, with the ~~breast~~ of teacher,
 in a moment, briefly, removing them, so that
 they have no fear; & no they dread nothing;
 hope they cannot, for the deed is already
 theirs; & so they sit, & around them spread

glowing
 gray

far

He had
pamours:
for Gracie

for dogs:
for the
sun.

And pamours

Look a
beast of
male,

so that wherever they are is calm is serenity is
the Word runs smooth down the channels, & they
too seem to have accepted everything & to be
like ballast in the net & when they think this never
so bravely, & they laugh. & they never yield & they
are honoured & they are rewarded & the
great newspapers record their marriages & how
wearing plain coloured velvet they received, or
kissing forward spoke a few graceful words.
presented the prize - & their wisdom was not
what Mr. Browning meant when he called
Fluck wise. It is true that he loved ripe grapes.
"My Fluck has grown to be particularly fond of
grapes, devouring bunch after bunch, & looking so
fat & well that we attribute some virtue to them."
He loved the sun. He loved dogs. He loved human
faces in all their variety. But he loved the sun.
~~But the sun was often too strong. "He could~~
~~find no shelter even under the dogs. And but~~
~~was the sun that made the West day warm~~
~~at night, day by day, the sun that warmed the~~
~~grapes also brought the fleas. Fleas were the~~
~~plague of the Florentine summer. "Savonarola's~~
~~marlydom here in Florence" wrote Mr.~~
~~Browning, "is scarcely worse than Fluck's in the~~
~~summer: The fleas tortured him. They~~
~~bit their way into the thickets of his fur. {Mr.}~~
~~Mr. Browning gave brought all for all their~~
~~claming & still were powerless. Men, but for,~~
~~called into consultation was unable to help.~~
~~& Fluck the reason to have torn at his~~
~~Mr. Mr. Browning took a comb &~~
~~Mr. Browning went down on his knees &~~
~~Combed look a beast of male - Combed Fluck -~~
~~one may imagine thoroughly. Mr. W was~~
~~unless. Men but for was affected to. The~~
~~her remedies failed. Fluck grew thin~~
~~happard. His then Mr. Browning was~~
~~who "is as fond of Fluck as I am", Mr. Browning~~

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NYPL

Since he
by the wall on his
neck - its
implied
franchise

Thou wert
my

the
into a tower
porcelain glaze
own intricate
franchise.

Set to
know
the rough line
march the
dark the
Jordan

my line
where branches
renew.

was ~~franchised~~ & caricatured, the ^{the} two potent spirits
of ~~franchise~~ laughter of truth & laughter entered into him,
& he ~~for~~ he was no longer the slave of his appearance;
on, he was the the spirit of truth, & the spirit
of laughter. He was no longer the slave of appearance;
he was the committed to ^{capitulation} mock those who are. To
a great beauty, rising from a bed of sickness & finding
the face hideous, disfigured, night, after the first
thack, embrace with delight make a house of
clothes & cosmetics; & ~~value~~ with unbounded
rest sleep that she need never spend a minute
in front of the looking glass again, or pluck
fear from a wind or bind her body in tight clothes,
or ~~for~~ study dead ^{the golden & long} ~~approval~~ derisive, or
hate rivals - ~~after the first thack~~ ~~flank~~
It was ~~that~~ after the first thack, that ~~flank~~
to, after the first thack, Flank light free from the scowls; free from
the flax left him; he improved rapidly in health. ^{than,} free from
perhaps the gayest, & the ~~he entered upon the~~ ^{for.}
happiest years of his life. ~~It was not simply that he was~~
~~forced, as he was, to~~ There perhaps were
the happiest, the gayest years of his life. The ~~business~~
came to him familiar with every alley & back street
in the whole of Florence - he threaded his way
by his from street to street, up & down, in & out -
where they beat bran where they bake bread
where the women sit combing their hair where
the birdcages are set in the street - where the
wine is ^{shut} decanted - where leather mules &
harness & farrier - where cloth is beaten, where
men drink & drink; he ran in & out; he
light in this patch again; ^{he sought} that tunnel
of shade; he devoured ^{whole} ~~glazes~~ ^{passionately,}
he chewed & spat out whatever ~~farther~~
whisk of macaroni; then the that
he knew Italian peasant woman tones
into the fuller - he knew Florence in its heat, in

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cold, on its marble smoothness & in its cobbled
 roughness: he followed intense into Cathedral
 the ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~violet~~ ^{violet} ~~intrication~~ ^{intrication} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~Cathedral~~ ^{Cathedral}
 he tried to cap the purple & gold of the window-stained
 floor: ~~he~~ ~~the~~ ~~old~~ ~~of~~ ~~drapery~~ ~~received~~ ~~the~~
 (hoary) sacred received a lick from his tongue.
 He ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~sacred~~ ~~finger~~ ~~just~~ ~~received~~ ~~a~~
 lick from his tongue. ~~He~~ ~~the~~ ~~with~~ ~~his~~ ~~own~~
 knowing that he felt the very groove ~~made~~ ^{made} by the
 Church of immortal sculpture: & as the
 intently sensitive flesh of his jaws he took the
 engraving of immortal Latin words. In short
 he knew Florence as no Englishman or woman
 had ever known it - as Ruskin never knew it,
 or George Eliot, or either. He knew it as only only
 the dumb know; ~~but~~ ~~he~~ ~~over~~ ~~all~~
 the ~~myriad~~ ^{of} ~~his~~ ~~sensations~~ ^{of} ~~Not~~ ~~a~~ ~~single~~ ~~one~~
 of his myriads of sensations ever rose from ~~was~~ ^{was} felt
 to that took to study that the deforming
 deformity of the words

when they

when we try to
 find put into the
 wordless into
 word

the crying
 methods
 of
 biography
 are useless.

then the ordinary methods of psychology are therefore
 as little available. We have to admit that we
 are suspended in a ~~vacuum~~ ^{vacuum} when out of roof
 & without a floor; Flock of dark bodied volleys past -
 whether owls or angels we cannot tell. All we
 know for certain is that flesh disliked the
 kind of slavery that is most ~~exiles~~ ^{exiles} the human
 brain to speech. "He has a supreme contempt
 for fees & hills or anything that kind" Mr.
 Browning noted when they took him for a
 journey over the Apennines, " & in the
 intervals of natural slavery, he drew in his
 head from the window & didn't
 accident with looking at "; whereas the

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1 K
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heavily was inspired by those very rights to a
form & fervour of language — "From Fanti &
to the upland heathlands, until the speaker
broke & streamed away — as then
things I could not give you any idea, & if
words could not, hauntings could not either."
Perhaps then even in we are not so far removed
from Dumbness even in the year 1848.

Dumbness had its Empire even in poet's mind.

For whatever reason Flaubert disliked mountains —
whether it was the lack of smell, the fact is
undisputable that he greatly preferred human beings.
When a "... when the population thickened ...

But ideas of sensation, which do not submit
themselves to words, though perhaps the ~~the~~
deepest, the strongest reduce it

Thus his biographer is in much the same predicament as a
man would be, who, miraculously suspended without
flow to his feet or feeling to his head in a dark
in shadows & vaguer than flocks of dark
birds, really past him & cannot tell whether
they are owls or angels — what those ^{the} lights
are, what those the people — all is obscured in
owls or angels? And what is that mauldoring
Crimson! Whence this torrent of wind?

And this flicking & flashing of bright lights going in —
out? How difficult for such a one, all we

are able to say for certain is that Flaubert
disliked the kind of scenery that most excites the
human brain to describe speech. When he
was taken in a carriage over the Apennines
he lay back in complete indifference.
a supreme contempt ...

And yet perhaps this silence was was wise.

To find
words to
impressions
that are felt
without
words
passing in
air

1 K
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NYPL

To
the
Honorable
the
President
of the
Senate
Washington
D.C.

But was he indifferent because the mountaineers, seen at a distance, have no smell; or because to for some kind of Indian word or language; or because, ~~as~~ he had no words; or because as he was naturally individually, or ~~as~~ the type to whom matter means nothing unless it can speak & walk? There are among the insoluble problems of his psychology. ~~It is to be noted that however~~ The curious may seek for what his words, the fact that Mrs. Browning's own attempts to show on that occasion proved a great deal too strong, or too strange, for words to contain them - after spraying forth a wild fountain "... the essence, almost verbatim every the appearance

the gave it up. - "Of these things I cannot give you any idea, & if words would not, painting could not either." There are occasions when silence is best.

~~But Flute was woken from his abstraction:~~

highly as in the conglomerate. This dwellers plan that keeps the human beings, & their vagaries, always fascinated him. .. And now moreover,

he was supported, oddly enough, in his taste by ~~the~~ finding that they were shared by the baby.

"He & Flute agree in their marked preference of solemn streets with carriages, men, to forests & mountains." They liked

here their lack of words was no doubt a great bond. They And for a time at least, what ~~within~~ they had the same preferences; the same things seemed good to them - Beauty. What was solid & touchable, the bright colour, the same sense of humour; the same terror; what with his companionship, & the wider intimacy of the street, what with the laughter that his presence - habited as a lion - provoked - & the same ~~that~~ that was laughing to, at the most grandiloquent megalomaniac of all kinds - Flute was the happiest, the busiest, the ~~most~~ day in Florence.

L

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the whole
halling even for
words vocabulary -
a little
problem
in this

NYPL

all men.
all
Animals, were
now the
same to him.

a number

Comment.

But now the smooth current of his life was broken. In the early day of June 1852
Yet when the lid of his travelling bag was finally opened
he shook the fun from his eyes, he needed all his
philosophy to support him. He was in London
Cyam. After five years he was ~~standing on the pavement of~~
Wellbeck Street. He was within a stone throw of
Wimpole Street. Doors were all round him; pavement
was beneath his feet; basements poured their rich
odours into the air. It was a hot evening in
June. The fever of the London season was at its height.
Even as he stood there, in the ~~thick~~ ^{stagnant} air of the lodging in
Wellbeck Street baroque landaus ~~beck~~ ^{beck} part,
foaming with mantraps of apricot plush, nothing
with the head dresses of ladies ~~in full evening~~
attire. The air ~~seemed~~ ^{seemed} ~~even~~ ^{seemed}
charged with dust beaten up by innumerable
carriage wheels & the homes of innumerable horses.
The hum of the vast ~~the street seemed to sound~~

NYPL

Howl.
June 9

The air resounded not with separate cries & merry
fratricidalulations, but ^{was filled with} seemed a cloud of sound, a
heavy pall of sound, interwoven of murmurs
murmurs so closely wrought that they were merged in one
~~frantic~~ fowl, one continuous scramble, one
and the tradesmen were running up & down the
area steps with their bags as usual. And last
self scattering march were opening her back door. And
majestic dogs led in chains by foot men ~~were~~ came
padding decorously to the pillars boys. And
shawled fish with handbags, were jostling by. And
all was wrapped in a ~~glorious~~ splendour, very ~~of~~ ^{red} ~~eyes~~ ^{chaps.}
very red, with deep black lints in it. & there was -
purple & an odor & a solemnity about the
wellback street that ~~dawned~~ evening which lead into
seemed to derive somehow from which began into
Oxford Street which ~~meets~~ ^{leads} with the marble age which
lead to Hyde Park, which leads to Curtilage Hill
which leads to Buckingham Palace as if the
City were splendidly controlled, its streets working
like spokes from a wheel, the hub of which was
in the great & labours where under ^{the} ~~Victoria~~ ^{the Victoria}
prismatic glass, when rich crimson velvet, joining
part with Albert beside her. Wilson, going
up the stairs the lodging house, blessed his stars
that she was once more in a civilized country, the Scotchman.
& thanked God that she had not yielded to the seductions
of liquor & Richi. A British life guardman would
never have suffered such the affections of ^{her} ~~profoundly~~
flunk for one moment ^{behind} ~~he saw a woman~~
like a pang that might run through he saw a woman
hooded hairy tail lying at him: Her bottles
indown. There were dog threaten here.

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did not
around
as in fluxus

The sun shone like high hedges. The pavement was cold beneath his feet. Harshness poured them over ~~the~~ ^{over} ~~the~~ ^{the} air. ~~It was a hot evening in June.~~ The
 poor, some lady beautifully appareled in flowing
 flowing mantle that fell over the undulations of her
 tremulous, farlanded with a wreath, stood for a
 moment gathering her draperies about her, in which
 the footman ^{held} the door of the barouche landau
 of the Orlandi. [It was a hot evening in June.
 The air light of the sun striking ran was chased with
 the dust beaten up by innumerable carriage wheels -
 horse hoofs. The air ~~resounded~~ ^{was} with
 separate cries, ~~not~~ with random transiencies, ~~but~~
 it was spread with a cloud, with a fall
 of murmurs interwoven into one confluent
 flow & gambol.] Tradesmen were delivering
 their wares up & down area steps. Huddling maids
 were opening back doors. Majestic dogs led in
 chains by footmen were proceeding decorously
 to the pella box. Hawked jacks with handkerchiefs
 from millinery were slipping by. And all was
~~was~~ wrapped in a splendour of red light.
 not clear & fierce like Italian ^{light}, but
 charged with dust from innumerable wheels,
~~from~~ from all the hooves that had
 been treading, that had been pounding, in London
 that June day, from the dawn of that June day
 till the evening. And the air did not ring
 with separate cries, & the tintinnabulation of
 innumerable bells, as in Florence: all
 lay felt down, in one confluent flow &
 gambol of innumerable wheels turning & rolling
 manning. The magnificence of the metropolis
~~passed~~ ^{passed} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the}

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filaments

He went out
he must
go with
Wilson.
& wear a
chain

Curled
nobleman

half cast

whiskered

in being, of the in being, overcame Flank, after all these years,
as he pained on the steps of the lodging house; & he felt
run through him that the that time - broken. Dumped in
Udely, of being, here in wellback Street, attached by invisible
to ~~Lyons Street~~ to Hyde Park, to ~~Constitution Hill~~, so to
Buckingham Palace, where Queen Victoria to all the
about that time, like the others of a wheel to the hub, in
Buckingham Palace: where Victoria. Albert sat in
front throne; & here was order & ceremony,
pride; all women together; one coming from another;
leading

The ^{that} sharp, ~~was~~ the conflict raged in Flank's heart
during the weeks that he stayed in London
was sharp enough. His liberty was at once curtailed.
He was no more a house dog. He wore a chain.
But the chain that fettered him also & his limbs, raised
him in rank. He was recognized as a dog of breeding
by dogs of breeding, though the dogs of wellback
Street recognized him as one of themselves, though
he had fallen; he had - just as, at Court, an
heir of ancient family who has been abroad for
many years & contracted speaks with a foreign
accent & even goes so far, some say, as to
drop his title, marry a peasant, & turn Buddhist, is
after a moment's pause, recognized by his old peers, &
who make a point of working him to their
country seat, so & ~~ignoring his~~ ~~as a sign of ignorance of his~~
although he, with some words of censure to their
daughter as if nothing untoward had happened. Flank
could not help being pleased, moreover, nor could he
deny that the old ties that no convention, the old
memories, & ~~the old blood~~ ~~its~~ free masonry of
have their clan has their charm; things can be said
to men even there is an understanding among
the But still how stiff the it irked
him - being in one room, watching Wilson's pleasure,
going no further than Regents Park, finding
then how straight & hard the paths were; how
how intolerable the restrictions; how soon

RIPL

Done something to
improve the
Prothonotary
from present

formidable the police - show the streets in June
thoroughly & cleanly & mixedly & confusedly & not on the
whole pleasantly the we had heard & Oxford Street -
the Grand Street Mews on a hot day when ^{with} the crowded note
crowds of richly dressed people, had been walking
with horses with horses & carriages; - & the poor -
during all the year of his life in Italy Flaub had never
smelt such odours as rise from the bodies of the
poor who who lay on grass or on seats or pavers in knots
at public house doors. He had never A trembling
she seized him as he passed Antean corner. After
all he knew that half a mile away was a room
where dogs are tied to the broken chains; where
parrots scream; where drunken men & women
lie cursing; & the walls stand green in the paint; & ~~the~~
~~all day~~ all night & the windows are broken; &
men stumble in with heavy bags, & women sit pale
from their ridiculous rage, watches, & then they begin
cursing & quarrelling. It still in the year 1852
though the cholera had come the heads of dogs were
unwrapped by ladies at breakfast. ~~then~~ Nero
came Mr Carleton dog, had been stolen quite
calmly. And then in an access of that nervous
terror which Flaub knew to be latent in himself too -
in that hypertrophy of the morbid which is
bred inevitably by modern life with a lying at the
foot of a mistress, behind misters. Nero had
leapt from a top story window. Stabbing
he had not killed himself - but that Flaub
felt that could not help feeling that the
moral stream of London life is unwholesome.
The high society of London had its an
overflowing charm. Flaub spent a day at Farnham;
- Mr Browning was visiting Mr Kingsley & it was
late in the summer. All the water would have
been as bare & hard as brick. The fleas would
have been rampant. Here were were fields & green
grass; pools of the water; murmuring wood;
& long turf so fine, so elastic that the

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The fairs seemed to bournce as they touched it. And, ~~more~~^{wooden}, ~~more~~^{more},
after all these years, then there came blowing over
a heaving Unwieldy those green stems ^{fencing} with their
fresh water heads, the ~~wound that Fluk had year ago,~~
~~Three Mile Cross - the wound of Humphrey.~~ The much of
have or lay; & throwing aside all reflection, inspired
as a glass is inspired when heat melts it & it
run liquid molten in one clear fiery fluid Fluk
raced over the heathes of June as wildly passionately
as he had not run since the old days at Three
Mile Cross when Men Mubford took him
walking with the Greyhounds. That was the
teptop jallant life, Fluk knew. No love, no trust, no
pamper, no ally, no management, no one else that
that no amorous dalliance, no absence &
caneled garden with daylots, approaches, in splendour
magnificently resting & hunting a hare. But it was
won over. The Rev. Mr. Kingley called him back.
to bed. They went back to London next day.
The Baroness took him to

to bed. They went back to bed.
And ~~once more~~ ~~Mr Browning~~ took him to
and one morning Mrs Browning - but he had stumbled into
calling her Mrs Barrett ~~again~~ took him, on the chair,
back again up Winkhole Street. He felt her hand tremble as
they stood once more on the doorstep of number fifty.
Just as gold the door opened; but how dark &
thorough the home seemed now. Mrs Browning went
from room to room. Flank felt a weight a gloom a
terror descend upon them both. "Go to the drawing room"
Mrs Browning said "they seemed to me smaller &
darker, somehow, & the furniture" perhaps
the busts & the book cases were still there, & the
blind with the peasants & the castle & -
wanted fifteen - convenience.... "The pictures broken &
were still lying there: they were still talking of
going away, but out of town & a "change" of
air" Mrs Browning reflected as she made her
tribine pilgrimage "is really necessary once a year."
and a universal changing seemed as
necessary for the home. But the family

the birds & the room was
blind with the beggars & the cattle. "The father-brother
wanted for men & convenience.... The father-brother
were still living there: they were still talking of
going away, but out of town & a change of
air "Mr Brown reflected as the made her
further pilgrimage "is really necessary once a year.
And a universal changing seemed as
necessary for the home." But the family

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Long before this
the landlocked
inhabitant was
one. Fluk was
a fever of anxiety

to hear that
down from
persuaded all
his mother

The air was not changed,
did not move, & the home was not cleaned. What of the
dinner? Mr Barrett was to come in & find in, Fluk
showed, what of the front door was to hang, we were to
be shut up in the back bedroom for ever? He was not
happy until he found himself on the deck of the Channel
Steamer crossing to France. It was a rough passage.
The crossing took eight hours. Fluk lay on deck
watching a tall figure ~~then he was violently sick.~~
Whether the sight of Mr Carlyle, standing by the rail,
seemed to him to personify the discipline, the gloom,
the wisdom, & the ~~entirely~~ darkness & the
dear in, though mixed with splendour, & the land he
was leaving, whether the mixed memories of a young
& splendour, of simplicity, & the Kennel Club -
Queen Victoria & hunting hares, & being tied to the
leg were He looked at Mr Carlyle who was
travelling with them He was violently sick.
"he was ordered off the deck on a bad, poor day"
said Mr Browning. And with this last salute
Fluk left the shores of England for ever. Neither he nor
Mr Browning were ever to set foot in
Winhole Street again.

In letter 'how me
Wednesday that

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"Several that
American
rapping
spirits

are
imprisoned
to much work,
to his father's
great satisfaction."

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Mr. Browning however added
~~also remarked~~, "But I love the marvellous". So
 that we need feel no surprise if, ~~Flaubert was now~~
 the biographer & it thus came about that the last
 chapter of Flaubert's life at the Casa ~~studi~~ in Florence
 were a good deal misfused, or shadowed, or
 misperceived & haunted by the presence of spirits in
 one form or another in at the Casa ~~studi~~.
~~Whatever influenced Mrs Browning influenced Flaubert. And~~

year

who came here
 in generous
 abundance
 to live in the
 legs of
 Mrs.
 Browning's
 table.

It was inevitable that whatever
 who either came to gratify Mr Browning's love for
 marvellous. Whatever affected her, affected him -
 Moreover, the Italian summers were very hot;
 he had long ceased to lie on cushions in the sofa,
 & naturally, he sought the little pool of shadow
 which was to be found on the hollowed under
 the table. Suddenly the table began working
 from side to side. & ~~the~~ people
 were surrounded by people - became highly
 excited. There were suffragettes, & ~~the~~ table was
 as a gentleman. People - the table was
 surrounded by people - said that they had
 felt how & hand, a few lands, or that they began
 shivering & quivering & delivering themselves of messages -
 what he knew not. And ~~the~~ but they

when he
 Mrs.
 Browning
 were
 alone.

Even when there were demonstrations ~~hair~~ were in
 and even the quiet of the domestic evening would be
 spoiled by the behaviour of the table again.
 Wilson, sitting working, the table Mrs Browning -
 Wilson would sit at the table, and working.
 suddenly the table would convey to Mrs.
 Browning the information "Send Wilson to bed - the
 is off", whereas shortly afterwards
 tell Wilson into the chair - in a sort of
 half mercurial & half - fancy - apprehension,
 which frightened me horribly; ... the
 large hair dropping down her cheeks. After
 a proper application of hygienic vinegar,

208.

400,000 / number -
A.

NYPL

8 to 10
100

How many
the last
for

NYPL

8. K.
1. 253

reading not
just, but what
Wilson
scrubbed
(very illegally)
why this

est

the table, & the table began hitting the floor with one leg. ✓
Then Wilson his sleep was interrupted. He the
shadow was troubled. He ~~dejected~~ & again he
felt as he had felt when Mrs Browning stood at his
window clasp waving her handkerchief as the
banners passed, how far they flew apart in their
vague of discovery: what strange regions his
beloved mistress trod now; & why there with
Wilson at night with their hands upon a table;
~~asking~~ while the table told her that her child
was low, or that Wilson was about to be ill.
And now might Wilson ~~was~~ soon begin to faint
there. Mr Browning rushed for the
"hygienic vinegar." The ~~deceiving~~ & the jarring
the ~~repeating~~ that was accompanied such
revelations to sit scrubbing, & rubbing or
drinking vinegar when the steam was rising,
when the sun was hot in the street - how
strange a mixture of time! And why
should spirits live on tables, & not in trees, or
in grapes; or in the laughing
jovialous people in the street, like Drivin,
peasants; or in deep themselves?
What did the spirits ever tell Mrs Browning
that was half so important as what the
Phyllophorus told him; & that was half so
& if she wanted revelations, what had she
begin even to understand his rappings. his wishes?
were they It was profoundly sad &
strange to him. He could not follow her.
And yet, sometimes when they were alone, &
the spirits were manifestly present - the
table had uphoisted its tea tray beautifully -
& why is that not the business of
tables - he asked - how can they be only
tables when they do than business - he would

[Faint, mostly illegible handwriting covering the majority of the page. The text appears to be a letter or a series of notes.]

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[Faint handwritten notes on the right margin, possibly a list or a series of short sentences.]

clasp once more to her old station at her feet, & try to
recall those dreaming eyes to their old proper interest
in her face. ~~There had been a time when~~ he
once he had sprung upon her, in play, & she had
held him to her, in an ecstasy for a moment, and
her red rosy face, all furrowed as a woman, with its
brilliant eyes, had given her a shock of delight, or
rapture; ~~had been the other side~~ while she lay
there, clanked among her bellows. But now the
eyes were rapt, intense, visionary. And he heard
he ~~say~~ ~~with~~ she wrote now - "You know I am
within a visionary & inclined to knock
round at all the doors of the present world to
try to get out" - & she looked past him, through
him, as if he were not there any more. ~~In fact~~
why, even better to be laughed at as she had laughed
at him that day, for he had hurt her face in the
door of the four wheelers. No look had, ever
lent such dark, leaden despair ~~to~~ her.
He was not there - he did not exist - he, who had given
up the sunlight for her sake: he who stroked with
lips, with delight, with rapture in every nerve - he
did not exist, compared with the spirit in the leg
told her that her child was four years old.
He would go out, not into some hall
world of rapturous speech; but into Florence,
here, under the window. No he trotted
off: she did not notice. He made his way
into the great square with all the statues;
& the tower; & the pigeons & the marble.
~~Oh Mrs Browning,~~ & there he lay
buried humbly with dogs, with the random
wild race population, that he had come to
accept; that held him now, for all his foreign
birth - as part of themselves; their head, indeed,
their comrade. ~~The~~ How honest was
How stirring & sickening; how marvellous too, with the

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the jangle of bells, & human voices: with whips cracking -
 dogs barking. Try to get out indeed? Or get me
 not rather to try to get in? to imbue myself
 more & more thoroughly in this. Never had the
 purple grapes in the great baskets looked to him
 purpler, rounder, or tarter, when they flung him a
 bunch, more marvellously sweet. Why, one could
 go on eating grapes for ever, & not realize come to an
 end of those changes of Maroon, of wamuk -
 coolness; as they saw the skin cracked under one's
 teeth & the heavenly sweetness spurted down one's
 jacket. And then to be still in the sun: to
 let the heat make the fur on one's back seem to
 sing & hum: then it reached the naked skin:
 then to turn, the other side, let the sun
 bake that: & then, thoroughly roasted &
 forced, to roll him again, & look curiously
 in the profound depths that lie in lakes,
 under marble doorways; beside some old
 peasant woman's basket, who, as the Knit,
 keeps casting a quick eye, better, thicker, &
 perhaps, currier & grumbler. & yet is so happy,
 content to be built, an old peasant woman,
 keeping guard over her basket. The woman
 he just caught her him of the thick any
 liberty with her melons. The woman said -
 volley of abuse at him; & call him all the
 names under the sun: & yet that too was
 part of the days work. And they by would
 come do for Lander; or Men Blayden:
 they know him; they looked - the Lander to
 and then they he looked his limbs out in
 vigorous son - look, & that been -
 great there in the shade; in the peasant woman
 basket with the chaffing, barking you a -
 the days passing, & the bells pealing.
 He had been a strange fellow to be seen. -

The great
 wooden Cup in
 lay to show
 its
 pink flush.
 when which
 the sun
 bugged; & the
 like that

[Faint, illegible handwriting covering the majority of the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]

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[Faint, illegible handwriting in the bottom right corner, possibly a signature or date.]

~~And as he slept on his sleep - I thought the~~
And when he slept, when that is a fine rest fell over the
when & the morning, the morning days: the bright light
merging them all together, he would hear
men call span, span: he would hear old Mr. Metford
come: he would see the very face. The dearest form of
Miss Metford: & the lanes: how those of Rotherham:
& there would give way to Wimpole Street: & the
the towers of Whitechapel: & again, - then the old
terror would wake him. He had been deceived, forgotten.
~~And then, rising, to shake off the dream. by all but~~
Miss Barrett. The the but the came. The vision
him. The tie between them held still - a crown what
falls; what to disturb him.

he woke as if Miss Barrett had called him:

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as he
just

bound in
private
business

not
making a
beeline
through
the streets

Before he knew what he was doing or why he was
doing it, he was trotting swiftly through the streets
towards Casa Guidi. So he ran when he had run
~~when~~ ~~the~~ in his prime when the hunting horns
of Venus brought him to in one flash to the side of
Mr. Partridge's spaniel; so he had run when the
horn of a hay or for flowers inlayication
through his ~~stables~~ ^{curry}. But this drive - to be
with Ann Barrett - was different. His the
spirit that urged him intently to up this
road, down that, hanging, with a long quick secret
glance, was that he refused to say
he met that he was in the grip of that
the spirit, ~~not to be interrupted~~ was the
dearest, the most commanding of all; because,
because, ~~the~~ the least intelligible. Perhaps then
He must find her; he must be with her. And
that why? Had the spirit's dominion over him?
Had they ~~any~~ somehow found their way into his
to legs? To see him running - now he was
old now, & rather unsteady - though Florence
that summer evening - one might have supposed
that the spirit had somehow found their way
into his legs. But he had no power ~~at all~~
~~rap out messages. He was~~ ~~that he was~~ ~~weak~~.
He did not bring any message from the dead.
~~He was no medium between~~ The spirit
that drove him from the market place to the
kitchen room was not the ~~one~~ ~~the~~
same but yet perhaps it was a spirit.
Yet perhaps it was the same
spirit that lived in table legs. But a
spirit it was. He must find her; he
must be with her. ~~Could it be that Ann~~

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Perhaps I he
was not
aware that
there are such
a ~~of the~~
of ~~the~~ of
dead people
quit.

in search
of
somewhere

Now that the first terror of
was it the American rapping spirit? No - he was
had no power of rapping out the alphabet with his
fist - ~~And he was not in any touch, either with the~~
~~dead.~~ Had he been asked, he could not have said that
the ~~his~~ child was four years old. He was not in
touch either with the dead. ~~He was alone.~~ And
yet to see him run toward Casa Guidi, ~~or~~
~~making for Mrs. Barrett,~~ although the shock of the
dream was over, & he knew that he was ~~in~~ not in
Whitechapel, but in Florence, & safe, & with his
dinner waiting him when he chose to come for it -
one could only conclude that he was ~~made~~ ^{made} way
over by a spirit & that ~~spirit~~ ^{spirit} - he had reached
the door of Casa Guidi now - ~~was not in~~
~~the delicious smell of the hall on the step - for he~~
~~bent his nose to the stone: yet it was not in the~~
~~stone itself for he did not stay there; &~~
2 that that spirit was making him sick - was it
the drowsy? - He had reached the stone portals of the
Casa Guidi - ~~he stopped & smelt them: no - it was~~
~~not the stone. Truly~~ ^{he was} he was sick; not his
dinner - ~~rather - the smell came up from the~~
~~hot something - now he was puddling with the~~
same healthy intensity - ~~comfortable~~ ^{smell} ~~smell~~
the way, ~~smell~~ ^{smell} ~~the way~~ which had
~~come up the stairs; & had then passed through~~
~~that door - which stood ajar - now & was~~
there - on the low chair, by the fire. The
spirit had led him to Mrs. Browning. And
now that he had reached her, what did he find in
her. Only Mrs. Browning

He was alone, reading, by the fire.
The pine logs were heaped up, for the sun
was ~~indolently~~ ^{indolently} in Florence, & their light illumined

[Faint, illegible handwriting covering the page]

PLAN

was it
a hunt
man hadn't
the w- only
Fluk.

great looking plan, & the cubids felt cubids that held
lyats be nos it. The face that was so oddly like his
with its great eyes, & its heavy lids, & its wide mouth,
& yet was so different, because she could speak, &
could read, what is written in banners, & could
"try to get" look - "You know I am rather a
venomous" beyond this room, & "try to get out,"
this face now ~~successfully~~, - looked at him; not through him
the Fluk said Mrs Browning, ~~hunting once more;~~
~~once more concerning him.~~ & carked him.
The Fluk said Mrs Browning. He wagged his tail.
And then, without a word, or ~~that he~~
~~made no answer~~ ^{the Fluk said} ~~to him.~~ In the last times,
he licked ^{his} tongue on his hand. But ~~he~~
could not ^{actually} speak. And now, apparently without
any knowing that death gets, he had died.

Mrs Browning is buried in the church stone
at Florence. Mr Browning lies in the
Port, corner in the ^{west wall} abbey. But Fluk is buried
in the vaults beneath Casa Gucci,
deep under the home where they had lived.

Oct 8th 1932

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but any attempt, however brief, to answer the question that
Fluke ~~best himself~~ asked would have to begin with some
mention of Lady Blenheim's crystal ball. Some time
early in the century Lady Blenheim had bought a

^{via}
But the spirit that haunted her now - that drew him
deathly sickly in a brief time might Florence that
summer evening, was different. Where was he going
what was he seeking? Had the spirit, recognized him too?
Had they mistaken his legs for Luke's legs - or was he
for all his Staphylin in the grasp of some room
and dead unseen for a while,

was the fact to her he was

~~what did they know~~

~~In that moment came back~~

It was Fluke, a red cocker spaniel: the dog
who had lain at her feet all those years, in Wimpole Hall
when she was lonely, imperious; when she was
was weary, talking to Robert Henry. The dog who had
sat on her knee silent on the couch, day to
Hodgson: the silent dumb spirit animal who had
companion - he who would whisper words in the dark -

On Fluke she relied, once

Speech was beyond her.



